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Yours very Truly.
Isabella Whiteford Rogerson

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# THE VICTORIAN TRIUMPH

## And Other Poems

BY

ISABELLA WHITEFORD ROGERSON

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS
WESLEY BUILDINGS
MONTREAL: C. W. COATES HALIFAX: S. F. HUESTIS
1898

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THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS

DEDICATED TO

THE LADIES OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND

METHODIST COLLEGE AID SOCIETY

AT WHOSE REQUEST

AND FOR WHOSE BENEFIT IT IS

NOW PUBLISHED.

I. W. R.

St. John's, Newfoundland,
*October* 12, 1897.

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# INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

ISABELLA WHITEFORD—now the wife of the Honorable James J. Rogerson—is a native of the County Antrim, Ireland. In one of her earliest efforts the author graphically described the picturesque coast scenery of her home:

Nature cannot charm the eye
As it used in days gone by,
When together we have strayed
Where her wildest pranks were played;
Where rocks on rocks majestic piled,
Grand, irregular and wild,
Like some breastwork of defence,
Charmed with its rude magnificence.

Reared in this grand romantic region—"meet nurse for a poetic child"—the young Irish girl soon developed into a sweet



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songstress. From her very earliest childhood she wrote verses. Like the great Pope, "She lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." In the first edition of her works, an elegant little volume published in 1860 by McComb, of Belfast, are some of the productions of her childhood.

In 1850, Mrs. Rogerson's father and mother, accompanied by their four daughters and two sons, came out to Newfoundland. For nearly fifty years our Island has been her cherished home. There has always, however, been a very warm place in her heart for the Green Isle, even to this day; especially when telling a story, there are traces of the sweet northern accent.

The dear honored parents, two loved brothers and two sisters have been taken from her. Only the youngest sister remains. To her were addressed these lovely lines:

Gems of poesy that woke
  Dreams of softened sadness
When as yet our childish hearts
  Echoed naught save gladness.

Back o'er the past with reinless speed
  The wayward fancy sweeps,
And with the absent and the dead
  A sweet communion keeps.



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Their blessed memories round me cling
With soothing, hallowing power,
Like the first sunlight of the morn,
Or dew of evening hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson are foremost in every good work. Her husband has all his life been a leading Temperance man, an earnest Church worker and philanthropist. Some of the most successful enterprises in the Colony owe their initiation to his sanguine temperament and vivid energy.

The reader will find in these pages many gems of pure intellectual brightness, deep love of nature in all her varied aspects and moods. There is scarcely a theme that is not touched on ; many refer to local events, to friends dear to the writer and the poet, who has embalmed their memories in these touching verses. There are many narrative and descriptive poems, but Isabella is essentially a poet of the domestic affections. Through all her works there runs a golden thread of deep religious feeling. Devotion to religion and her family is the key-note of the author's life—a lovely life, though embittered with many a sorrow and many a tear—tending the sick, comforting and solacing the declining years of loved parents, dear sisters, cherished brothers. Isabella has always been the stay and comfort of a family circle as united and devoted as ever existed on earth.



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## *INTRODUCTORY NOTE.*

This notice of a sweet poetess makes no attempt at criticism. To me and mine the dear Isabella is the cherished friend of a lifetime. I may, however, add one word about her humor, which is of the highest quality of true Irish pleasantry and fun.

D. W. PROWSE.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,
*October 18th*, 1897.



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## THE VICTORIAN TRIUMPH.

### THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

A TRIUMPH march in earnest, a glorious triumph song,
Victory o'er war and bloodshed, triumph of right o'er wrong;
Meet ending to that prelude, our good Prince Albert's thought,
That world-wide Exhibition such wondrous good that wrought—
Voicing Victorian era a reign of Love and Peace,
A sceptre raised in righteousness higher with years' increase.

Now London counts in millions the mighty throng that mean
To thank the mightiest King of all for such a gracious Queen,
To thank the mightiest Lord of all for Royal life long given,



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Whilst honoring our noble Queen honor our King in heaven;
And 'mid the pageantry and pride that marks our great world's love,
Proclaim our Queen is not ashamed to own her King above.

With greater, mightier love to-day her people hail their Queen
Than when in guileless girlhood sweet she entered on the scene,
And humbly asked with tears and prayers for wisdom from on high
To fill the place with God-given grace: her life is God's reply;
Such wisdom, grace and righteousness distinguishing her reign
As never yet was seen before, and never may again.

A Poet Laureate's power must paint the glories of that day—
The cynosure of love-lit eyes in all that vast array,
The Sovereign Lady of a realm whose vast proportions yield
Such countless representatives to fill that peaceful field;
God save our Queen, millions of souls will pray for her that He
Who reigns supreme o'er worlds on worlds may her protector be;



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May fill her heart with all the joy that God alone can give,
Encircle her with peace and love that through her life may live;
Grant that still blessing and more blest through many happy years
Her people's love may bear her up strong as it now appears.
And, when with long life satisfied, God save the Queen in love,
And bring her safely home to Heaven to reign with Him above.



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## BARBARA HECK.

A LOVING, tender, gracious soul,
A heroine and a saint;
A form so richly draped and garbed
We well may shrink to paint;
As all life's changing scenes arose
There rose to meet them, too,
All love, all gentleness and grace,
A woman brave and true.

Two hemispheres are honored as
Her birth-place, burial place;
No marvel such a soul as hers
Two hemispheres should grace!
Unselfish, loyal Barbara Heck,
To God and country true,
Our New World scarce can realize
How much we owe to you.



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Nor will we ever know in full
  Until we reach that shore
Where thou hast gone, thy work well done,
  To rest for evermore;
To rest—it may be glorious work
  Shall be that heavenly rest,
Ready for all thy Father's will
  For "what He wills is best."

Thine was the grand unquestioning will,
  Waiting God's way to see,
And not one backward glance or thought
  The Master found in thee.
Forth from the home so beautiful,
  Old Erin green and fair,
Out on the deep with those beloved,
  Without a carking care.

Trusting in high and holy faith
  Her Saviour and her God,
She always felt the Man Divine
  The mighty waters trod.
And through the long and weary days
  He walked the waters still;
She saw Him where so many saw
  Naught but the seaman's skill.

The glorious sweep of long blue waves
  Crested with wreaths of foam,



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Each following wave announcing still
The good ship nears her home!
Farewell, farewell, old land beloved!
The Palatines go forth
To seek and hallow Western homes
With all their love is worth.

Hark the glad cry, "Land, land ahead!"
That glorious August day—
And such a land! Grand forest trees
Clothed headland hill and bay.
Tired voyagers, ah, who can paint
Their rapturous delight,
As after all the weary weeks
That vision met their sight?

Their floating Bethel left behind,
With many a tearful prayer;
The promised land attained, they felt
Their Father's hand was there.
And there with willing hearts and hands,
Cheered by that woman's zeal,
They reared their altar, worshipped God,
And sought the general weal.

And faithfully and earnestly
She led that little band;
And yet she never seemed to serve,
None hinted at command:



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A presence imperceptible,
Description fails to give,
Came where she came, stayed where she stayed,
And with her seemed to live.

A perfect self-forgetfulness,
Nought thought of as her own;
She led and cheered that little band,
And lived for God alone.

. . . . . .

But as the years swept on apace
A restless spirit spread,
The colonists thought Britain's flag
Too long had waved o'erhead.
Still loyal to their fatherland,
These sounds of discontent
They heard re-echoed by their friends
As in and out they went.

High treason to the Palatines
Seemed all this strange unrest,
Freedom asserting mighty power,
That would not be repressed.
Ah no, they never could revolt
Against Old England's laws!
So they must leave this well-loved land
Or join its people's cause.



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No questioning, no long debate—
'Twas sacrifice once more—
"The land is grand," says Barbara Heck,
"That England's flag waves o'er;
Our fatherland, our fatherland!
Thy loyal children we
Must seek out other heritage
On this side of the sea.
If fight we must, it must be still
The dear old flag beneath;
But peace we crave to worship God,
Best with the sword in sheath."

. . . . . .

Most grateful to their kindly friends,
Who still had used them well,
Once more they sought to find a home
'Neath British rule to dwell.
Out, out for loyal Canada,
And peace to worship God,
With that old treasured Book to guide,
The path their fathers trod.

And love for God made labor light,
They sang each heartfelt hymn
By rivers, lakes like inland seas,
And forests dense and dim.
The camp-fires threw their lurid light
On many a hallowed scene



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Where they were knelt to worship God,
With holy joy serene,

Unheeding in their rapt employ
The matchless view around,
The giant maple, beech and birch,
With golden glory crowned.
Meet temple for the God they served
Where Heaven seemed just o'erhead,
Meet temple for such worshippers
With love unmixed with dread.
Worship and work went hand in hand,
No idle dreamers they;
Not theirs the record, "Ate and drank
And then rose up to play."

With all a woman's tenderness,
With manhood's strength of soul,
Brave Barbara's spirit permeates
And holds all in control.
Through every change, in war or peace,
She comes before our view;
But, change what will, she still remains
A woman good and true.

Constant in worship, calm in war,
Cheering and comforting,
Sublimely simple, history
How few like her can bring!



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## *BARBARA HECK.*

From start to finish what a life!
No matter where she went,
Her life was still an open book,
For God and man well spent.

We need no statue full of grace,
No painting full of power;
'Twas not for this she lived and worked,
She must have nobler dower.
Then let some grand memorial keep
Her memory fresh and green,
And Methodists through all the world
Hail her as Saint and Queen.
Her best was given to God and man,
Then give we her our best
In such fair form that men shall say,
Her memory is blest.



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## FAITH.

Sermon preached in Brunswick Street Church, Halifax, by Rev. G. T. Bond, September, 1893.

Said he well, "The Master's footsteps
Are upon the mighty deep;"
And, bewildered and astonished,
Faith firm grasp requires to keep,
Lest it tremble, scorch and shrivel
In the dread misunderstood,
Where the wicked live rejoicing,
And despair enthralls the good.

While the fairest, sweetest flowerets,
Cared for, guarded, scent the air,
And the woodlands peaceful slumber
'Neath the mighty Master's care;
While, that Master still presiding,
Souls immortal, loving much,



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Dashed to death by His appointment,
Wreck whole households at His touch.

And the world sweeps on as ever,
Sun and moon their orbits keep,
Flowers laugh out in glowing radiance,
Dimpling sunshine floods the deep;
Man in study deep devising
Art from Nature to evoke,
Curbing steam and training lightning
In meek service to his yoke;—

All as usual, till the wrecked heart
Cries in anguish, "What am I?
Can the Master have forgotten?
Crushed and ruined here I lie;
Brain and body overwhelmed,
Living without wish to live,
Daily dying yet unending,
What of service can I give?"

Ah, poor soul! The highest service
Is to live when hope has gone,
Trusting in the tenderest Master,
One who makes our griefs His own.
Spite of all this dreadful darkness,
Trust Him, let His time be thine,
And in His own blest "Hereafter"
Thou shalt read between each line—



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## *FAITH.*

Read with rapturous enjoyment
  How the Master caught away
In the pestilence or tempest
  Souls where death was in delay.
Read in God's own sunless lighting
  That Faith, realized above,
Crowned and robed, becomes immortal,
  Only known in Heaven as *Love*.



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## CHANGE.

ALL the garden lay in sunshine with its Autumn flowers ablaze—
Gorgeous dahlias, glowing asters, in an iridescent haze;
Mignonette and pinks and poppies; farewell-summer, sadly fair;
Pastoral eglantine and pansies, breathing sweetness on the air.
Calm and cool a misty vapor swept adown the mountain side,
Grey and cold the misty vapor wrapped the flowers at eventide,
And the morning sun shone grandly o'er the hill-top, down the vale,
But the flowers we saw at even ceased their perfume to exhale;
For the grey mist was the Frost-King, there was death in his embrace,
All the glory, grace and gladness fled away before his face.



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Strong and brave and frank and genial, with the love-light
in his eye,
Full of radiant life and manhood, sorrow seemed to pass
him by;
And he lived for those who loved him, and he made their
life a joy,
All the world was kindly with him, for the man was yet a
boy.
Parents, wife and little children in their hearts his image
shrined,
And his friends with him in friendship were in triple cords
combined.
What would be our world without him? What our system
without sun?
Yet he darkened in the noontide, and his earthly course
was run;
Left his loved to live in sadness, with no other cheering light
Than the blessed hope that Heaven lent like moonlight to
their night.

Where our nameless little river meets the ocean's glorious
blue,
Sloping to Atlantic billows, lay our city old and new;
Ours no great historic city, but a place to make a home,
Where no terrible tornadoes lash the ocean's maddened
foam;
Where, though South-land breezes sigh not, yet the salt
wind from the sea
Fills our sons with strength and courage, makes them brave
to dare and dree.



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Oh, its homes of high and lowly, temples of our household gods,
Where we lived 'mongst treasured relics, safe against a thousand odds!
Oh, the churches of our fathers, simple some, some gems of art,
Yet to all who worshipped in them types of heaven within the heart.
God alone knows how the fire-fiend hurled the blazing brand that day,
And our treasured homes and temples ere night's noon in ashes lay,
And the roaring, blazing tempest left us ruins dread and grim,
And the silence or the wailing took the place of morning hymn.

RESURGAM.

Yet we trust from out this ruin pleasant homes once more shall rise,
And once more that fane majestic live in beauty 'neath our skies,
While our noble seats of learning, next our churches in our hearts,
Shall again arise to bless us, homes of science and the arts;
And experience, Nature's teacher, mending all the faulty past,
Stretch new streets in grace and beauty over all the ruin vast.



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Well we know the world is richer for the gracious overflow
Of the sympathy that lavished affluent gifts to soothe our woe;
And we thank them and we bless them with such prayers as we can give,
For all good that life can offer, then in endless bliss to live.

Yes, hope on; the flowers that withered yet once more shall breathe and bloom,
And the earth shall own their presence and the glow replace the gloom;
Yet once more our loved and cherished shall unite no more to part,
And our heaven be higher, holier, from the sorrow of our heart.
Oh, the blessedness of living where there shall be no more death,
No more sin and no more sorrow, no dread sea nor scorching breath!
Blessed Faith! We rise triumphant, walk the world in certain hope—
How it cheers us on life's journey to give Faith her fullest scope!
For we know when all is ended, and all earthly ties are riven,
Faith and Hope absorbed in rapture, Love alone shall live in Heaven.



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## THE MOTHER'S WAIL FOR THE CHILDREN—1889.

Oh, my loved ones, oh, my little children,
Gone, gone forever from my heart and home!
How will I mourn and miss you, how endeavor
To think of you where death no more may come?

How school my heart to patience at your absence?
How listen when your young companions play?
How cease to tremble at some cry of anguish?
How cease to name you when I kneel and pray?

How waken with your sweet impetuous kisses,
Warm on my lips as in the morns gone by?
What words can reach my woe or soothe my sorrow?
My heart refuses comfort—let me cry.



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## *THE MOTHER'S WAIL FOR THE CHILDREN.*

The pent-up tears refuse to flow—my sorrow
  Is not the sorrow bitterest tears assuage,
'Tis outraged love's unreasoning grief that never
  Is ruled by time or circumstance or age.

I only know that I have lost my darlings,
  I only know they were the world to me;
Father, forgive my wild repining mourning;
  Come, come, dear Lord, and comfort comes with Thee.

My selfish sorrow Thou alone canst conquer,
  Thou who didst give them could recall the gift;
Grant but my faith one sight of them in Heaven,
  Where they behold Thy face my eyes uplift.

It is enough; I see my white-robed angels
  Beholding, eye undimmed, the Father's face,
Unsoiled by earthly sin or earthly sorrow,
  At *Home* forever in that glorious place.

And I—oh, may I live that I may reach them!
  Suffer me, Lord, with them to come to Thee,
And then, our bitter past all past for ever,
  Our fair unbroken home in Heaven shall be.



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## A MOTHER'S SONG.

O NOREEN, mavourneen, sweet child of my heart,
Darling Noreen, acushla, too soon we must part;
May the ocean be calm, may the winds still be true,
And thou happy, my darling, ochone, wirasthrue!

I know they'll watch o'er thee, my fair-haired girleen,
As thy mother would watch o'er her gentle Noreen,
And thy brothers are with thee, acushla machree,
Thou wilt watch her brave sons as I've watched over thee.

Noreen, pride of my heart; Noreen, light of my eyes,
Thy mother alone knows thy deep love: it lies
Like a pearl in the ocean far hidden from view,
But thou'rt leaving me, Noreen, ochone, wirasthrue!

Thy home will be lonely without thee, my child,
The flowers thou hast planted and nursed will grow wild;
Thy father will weep for thee, Noreen, asthore,
But my eyes shall look on thee, my Noreen, no more.



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## AN EPISODE OF THE ST. JOHN'S FIRE,

## JULY 8TH, 1892.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

'NEATH lurid light and sullen smoke
The ruined city lay,
And homeless ones in tilt and tent
Kept that next Sabbath day.
A glorious summer day it was,
Yet, oh, what sorrow there,
All treasured relics gone with home
Till sorrow seemed despair!

. . . . . .

What is that sound, first soft, then low,
Then rising high and clear,
Like triumph song on battle-field,
Thrilling each startled ear?



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A household band at eventide,
By rescued organ led,
Sang the grand evening hymn of praise
Before which sorrow fled.

. . . . . .

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings."

. . . . . .

It came like balm upon the breeze,
It soothed the listening throng,
And rebel hearts recalled to God,
That high and holy song.
None paused to laugh or criticise;
The music's simple style
Was lost in those most thrilling words
That sorrow could beguile.
And solemnly and soulfully
Was voiced its glorious close
By all those voices feelingly
Rising above their woes.

. . . . . .

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

. . . . . .



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## *AN EPISODE OF THE ST. JOHN'S FIRE.*

'Tis past: down falls the tented door,
The little ones are led
By loving hands—a mother's own—
And folded safe in bed.
None e'er may tell the name or state
Of those who sang that day;
But God be with them all through life
Most earnestly we pray.



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## HAIL TO THE SPARROWS.

DEAR saucy sparrows, do I see aright?
Friends of my childhood's home, born 'neath its eaves,
Your presence makes a thousand thoughts to-night
The blessed dream round childhood's home that cleaves.
Avaunt sad memories! Cheery, chirping things,
You should bring nought but pleasure on your wings.

Whence have ye come? From Erin's distant shore?
My fancy will assert your home was mine.
Sweet emigrants, did kindred love of lore
Attract ye to fair learning's sacred shrine?*
Or was it love and learning, both in one,
Led where your countrymen before had gone?

*It is said the sparrows were first seen at St. Bonaventure's College.



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## *HAIL TO THE SPARROWS.*

I doubt not but they hailed your presence there,
Gladly as I have done, devoted men;
A messenger from Erin 'mid their care
Woke in their hearts fresh love of home again.
Home lowly, lordly castle, cot, the same
Dear home-love still sets all our hearts aflame.

Sparrows, forgotten author's fate you have,
The sculptor in his work—if it is grand,
The author in his book—the hero brave
Lost, while the battle lives that saved his land.
And now we wondering ask whence did you come,
As sail-hid stowaways from that old home?

Perchance in coil of rope your fledglings lay,
Whilst kindly sailors passed them gently by;
Poor little stowaways, with nought to pay,
Not even a song to serve as lullaby;
In homely feathered garb you come, old friends,
Type of good luck where'er your journey ends.



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## INDIAN SUMMER.

Over headland, cape and bay
Veiled autumnal sunshine lay
    Like a dream,
Softening rock and stream and hill,
Baffling all earth's artist skill,
    To catch the gleam.

What is it? Who may tell?
A glamor or a spell
    In the air?
Look, each cottage in the woods
A whole paradise includes,
    Soft and fair.

Spruce and birch and mountain ash
Stand in state and burn and flash,
    Many-hued;



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## *INDIAN SUMMER.*

Whilst the rocks, once bare and stern,
Moss-clad hide 'neath fairy fern,
Grace-endued.

Just a brown frond here and there,
Whispering Autumn's in the air,
On berries red,
Telling with mute comforting
Summer flowers are vanishing;
We come instead.

The birds are mute, save whir of wing,
When startled by the rifle's ping,
Here man appears.
And amid this loveliness
We feel that Nature's smiles no less
Have Nature's tears.

In vain we struggle to forget—
No charm can cure the sad regret,
With sorrow rife;
Until, freed from cumbrous clay,
We rise into a cloudless day,
The perfect life.



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## A PLEA FOR MISSIONS.

### A CALL TO DUTY.

HELP! Help! the Macedonian cry comes to us o'er the wave
From lands that bathed in sunshine lie: Help, help, Christ's soldiers crave.
From China, land of loveliness, a country wondrous fair,
Created all around to bless, yet Satan's throne is there;
And men and women who have gone forth at the Master's call,
In dire distress, now call upon your aid, good Christians all.
Their lives they have not counted dear if souls for Christ were won,
Theirs is the love that casts out fear, endowed with that "Well done!"
We need not peril life or limb, but give our paltry gold.
Gold that might gratify a whim, spent thus, hath power untold,
Unlocking gates of prejudice, setting the Gospel free
With which the gain of merchandise compared can never be.

And then the cry comes nearer home, from our own Labrador,
Where the Frost King sweeps o'er ocean's foam, and the ocean heaves no more;



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But the mighty monarch flings his ice into forms and figures grand,
Temples and towers of strange device in solemn silence stand.
And through their long lone winter night our patient Esquimaux
Are groping blindly for the light that we have power to show.
O men and women of our land, who search for work afar,
You need no longer idly stand; behold your guiding star!
It points with clear and steady light through sky of glorious blue,
Where souls are sunk in darkest night awaiting light from you.

Here is cross-bearing; Nature here shows no enchanting face;
Here is the self-denying sphere, the realm for Christian grace;
No languorous sense of tropic ease allures and soothes and charms,
Nothing ambitious souls to please, no martyrdom's alarms:
But self-denying love that men may practise half unknown,
Unknown! Ah, yes, unknown; but then it leadeth to a throne.
We do not say that this reward is all that men work for,
The tender love with kind regard for souls is in this war,
The joy of making others glad, imparting what we feel.
If evil men make others bad the good work for men's weal,
The cry to-night is volunteers; the Master craves from thee
Thy "money" or thy "life," not tears. What shall the answer be?



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## FOR THE W. C. T. U., MAY, 1895.

You call for a song—a song of cheer—
For your glorious woman's work ;
An inspiring song—no doubt, no fear,
Must under its cadence lurk.
For doubt is disloyal, and faithless fear
Is weakness and sorrow and shame,
And woman's work should be always done
In a high and holy name.

But, alas, we have fallen on evil days,
Dark clouds obscure the sun,
And women have worked in wonderful ways
Since this Terrible Time begun.
From our noble Woman of Queenly name,
" Our Victoria " of Newfoundland,
Woman's work has been done without eye to fame,
With a gracious and helpful hand.

And fair hands have not disdained the soil
Of loving service born,
And kind hearts have felt for the sons of toil
Who treat idleness with scorn.



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And our grateful women will tell the tale
In the ages yet to come,
Of the honored names who cheered the hearts
In many a humble home.

'Tis well they should, yet I hold it true
More good for our land has been wrought
By thy gracious work, W. C. T. U.,
Who our world's great curse hast fought.
Far worse than hunger, from many a home
They have driven the *Demon Drink;*
For famine has feeling, but drink has dread
From which even loved ones shrink.

For what to the drunkard is wife or child,
Or mother or sister or friend?
Can madness by reason or love be beguiled,
Until death is the bitter end?
For what to the drunkard is honor or love
Or aught that the world holds dear?
One maddening crave enslaves his life
Ungoverned by love or fear.

Then onward, women, unheeding earth's fame,
You have work in a world of woe;
Then onward, women, unheeding earth's blame,
In the Master's footsteps go.
There are souls to be won from the downward path,
(Oh, *a soul* is a priceless thing!)
And the Saviour will value your work at its worth
By the number of souls you bring.



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## TO THE MEMBERS OF MY CLASS.

### ON THE PRESENTATION OF A WORK-TABLE.

For generous gift and loving thought,
Kind friends, my thanks accept;
'Twas I who owed the debt of love,
As all the by-gone years can prove,
For you were glad when I was glad,
And when I sorrowed—wept.
You stayed my hands and strengthened me,
And I—what could I do?
I only gave back love for love,
And this was but your due.
Thank God for loving sympathy,
The bond 'twixt earth and heaven,
That makes us one in Christ the Lord,
Nor even in death is riven.
For some have left "our class," whose love
We feel assured to-day
Is with us, though in heaven they praise,
While still on earth we pray.

. . . . . .

Most gratefully I take your gift,
Inviting me to work;
And in each dainty cushioned nook
Feel inspiration lurk.



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## GEORGE STREET CHURCH WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

EASTERTIDE MEETING, APRIL 20TH, 1897.

"And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself."—ST. LUKE xxiv. 27.

O GLORIOUS explanation
By Christ Himself our King!
How clear, how bright, how lucid,
The proofs that He doth bring!
The Patriarchs and Prophets,
Through ages past obscure,
Stand out in Christ's unveiling,
Each promise firm and sure,

Convincing and converting;
Disciples' blessed band,
Your risen Lord and Master
You see before you stand,



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Still, still the condescending,
The gracious, loving Lord,
Touched with the tenderest sympathy,
Himself the "Living Word!"

And still we have the Master,
And those who seek His face
Will feel the risen Saviour
In every time and place;
Though oft we fail to know Him,
Till, by some touch Divine,
We, too, cry out in rapture,
"'Tis CHRIST, and He is mine!"

O blessed revelation!
Poor doubting ones, His love
Stoops to our human weakness,
His saving power to prove;
And though, like His disciples,
We fail to know the Lord,
He meets His own who gather
To serve with one accord.

O Saviour, gracious Saviour,
Our risen Lord and King,
On this bright Easter morning
What offering can we bring?
The women, loved and loving,
Embalming spices brought;
May we, with like devotion,
Give thee our hearts love-fraught!



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## EVENING.

DEAR Lord, the shadows are gathering
Across my evening sky,
And I put to myself the question,
"How ready for night am I?"
I would fain look back in the distance
On my blessed happy past,
And talk awhile with the loved ones
While memory holds them fast.

Oh, the blessed dreams of the morning,
With the beautiful buds of spring,
The innocent joys of childhood,
As round me they dance and sing!
The mother, so lovingly tender,
Yet so faithful and firm and strong;
The father, so brave and happy,
All vanished and gone so long!

And the brothers and sisters, whose voices
In perfect harmony rang,
Till one by one a resonant note
Was missed from the chords they sang.



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Then there came a pause in the music,
A weary sense of pain,
And the singing ceased forever.
In Heaven 'twill come again.

And that was the morn and noontide:
Poor murmurer, peace and love
Was never greater in any home
Beneath the Home above;
And then, as each sun was setting,
The dying glory was great,
And the heavenly home was ready
For those who came early or late.

Dear Father, dear Father in heaven,
Now our evening shadows are come!
And we know Thou hast gathered the loved ones
All safe in the heavenly home,—
All safe, from the little children
To the heads with "glory crowned,"—
And we trust that we, too, with day's closing,
In that heavenly home shall be found;

And shall sing that "new song" the redeemed sing,
That "new song" from the which never more
Can there be a lost chord in the voices
That blend where all parting is o'er.
Where all that made home below happy
Shall come back without sorrow or sin,
Where love and life, both never ending,
Shall eternally seem to begin.



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## OUR QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

RING in her Diamond Jubilee,
All honor to our Queen!
Our Queen Victoria, thanks to God,
Our eyes this day have seen.
Through all the years of weal and woe
She lives, beloved and true,
A woman, every inch a Queen,
The Queen the woman too.

A Queen with most supreme contempt
For all things base and mean,
A woman with the tenderest heart
For suffering sorrow keen!
A sudden terror in a mine,
A sad cry from the sea,—
And, quick as thought, the Queen's kind heart
Responds in sympathy.

Well may her people feel with her,
One both in joy and woe,
And, could they only bear her griefs,
No sorrow should she know.



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But, ah, it must be ever thus,
No lot exempt from pain!
But pain, God-given and sanctified,
Brings blessings in its train.

With tears she hears them hail her Queen—
Tears for the widowed one
Whose bitter loss prepares the way
Through which she mounts a throne.
Most faithful daughter, loving wife,
And happy mother, we
See in our Queen's great happiness
How deep her griefs could be;

And learn to love the sympathy
Born of her own great loss,
The great refining fire heaven-sent
That burned up all earth's dross.
And now the Queen thinks of her poor,
And plans that earnest way
That they may see she thinks of them
On this auspicious day.

God bless our land, and bless our Queen,
And keep her long in life,
To rule in peace and use her power
Against unholy strife!
And when her long and happy life
Shall close in joyful peace,
Great Heavenly King, receive our Queen
Where love can never cease.



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## FAREWELL TO REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.

We cannot say "Good-bye" to you
  Till seas between us roll;
But "God be with you" everywhere,
  As we are, heart and soul.

May all the blessings of His love,
  With all His gifts and grace,
With all your consecrated powers,
  Through all your life keep pace.

Your glorious thoughts in glorious words
  Have held our hearts in thrall;
We have been in the Holy Land,
  Its city within call.

And we have seen on mountain-top
  The "feet" most "beautiful,"
Led by the rapturous words that kept
  Our spell-bound thoughts at will.



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And links of friendship have been forged
That time cannot divide,
Until we meet, friend well-beloved,
Upon the other side.

Where we shall have no vain regrets
We had not met before,
Ere life's long evening shadows told
Our day was almost o'er.

Thank God, thy day is in its noon,
Thy Master says, "Work on,"
And thou shalt have thy full reward
Whene'er thy day is done.

The rich reward thou lovest best
Is souls of priceless worth,
Some home in heaven, some still on earth,
Setting the Master forth.

May greater triumphs still be thine,
God's hero of renown!
We must not wait to speak thy worth
Till thou hast won thy crown.

Now God be with both thee and thine,
Still blessing and more blest,
Until the Master calls thee home
To His eternal rest.



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## AN ORPHAN SLEEPING.

SLEEP sweetly, pretty babe, and fear no harm,
Pillowed and guarded by an angel's arm,
Whose sleepless eyelids watch thee day and night,
And soft wings shade thee from the varying light.
Although no mother's tender care may be
Thrown as a shield around thine infancy,
No father's eye dilate with pride and joy
To see the growing promise of his boy,
Thou hast a Father—one whose watchful love
Rises a mother's tenderest care above,
Deathless and sleepless; on that arm Divine
Rest safely; God's own power and love are thine:
And woe betide the human hand that dare
Wrong or oppress such mighty Guardian's care!
His doom, denounced, God's threatening Word reveals,
And love for orphans sweetest promise seals.



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## FOR THE W. M. S. UNITED MEETING, GOWER STREET.

God bless our Queen, God bless her! we pray for her to-night;
Our loyal hearts implore heaven's King to guard her in His might;
With grace and strength and power endow, as she has tried to live,
A long, long, happy life on earth, then life eternal give.

And now to-night we fain would tell of Him who made her great,
Our heavenly King who left His throne and stooped to our estate,
To purchase for us with His life our kingdom lost through sin,
And pay temptation's royal price our home in heaven to win.



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Now, at His great command we fain to all the world would tell
The blessed news, that Christ is King, who doeth all things well;
The King who loves the vilest men who curse our world to-day,
And died to save the Turk, as well as those the Turk would slay.

O love divine, that on the cross, through all its bitter pain,
Could plead for His own murderers—plead for them not in vain;
And when in our sheer ignorance we judge them from our view,
Still comes our loving Saviour's words, "They know not what they do."

"Father, forgive them!" Let the love the cross for us that bore,
Inspire our souls to tell that love where guilt we most deplore;
To Moslems, held in hate and scorn for cruelty and crime;
To polished Hindoos, in their pride and graciousness sublime;

To all the world that know not God, content to have it so;
Help us, O Lord, we humbly ask, Thy love to them to show;



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Help us the Gospel to proclaim and reach some sin-sick soul,
More prized and valued by our God than suns and systems whole.

World, call not weak or worthless what our women's work may bring,
If but one ransomed soul thus prized is rescued for our King !
Lord, give us faith, and give us love, and give our work success ;
Not ours, not ours the praise, O Lord, Thy name we humbly bless.



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## A PRAYER.

ARISE, O Lord, stretch forth Thine hand;
We look to Thee to save the land
'Neath monstrous Moslem rule;
The Christian world holds back, alas,
Perplexities their power surpass,
Beyond the statesman's school.

But, Lord, flash on their minds Thy light,
And let them see the way aright,
Compel them by Thy power;
O hear the poor Armenian's cry
And save them, if the Turks must die,
This very day and hour!

Forgive, Lord, if presumptuously
We dare propose our plans to Thee—
But we are sick at heart;



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And Thou, O Lord, Thou hast the right,
And Thou, O Lord, Thou hast the might,
To bid this woe depart.

This woe, we dare not breathe its name,
Its very words pollute, defame—
But, Lord, Thou knowest all!
Thou knowest, Lord, that we "are dust,"
But high and holy is our trust,
On Thee, O Lord, we call.

Stretch forth Thine arm, avenge Thy saints,
We fain would voice their sad complaints,
Awake our Christian world.
Surely this is a righteous war,
Beyond it, lo! we see afar
A Gospel flag unfurled.



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## LABOR.

BEGUN in Eden, God's great gift to sinful fallen man,
Comfort and blessing to our race, instead of bane and ban;
We hail with joy the mighty power it sways on earth to-day,
And Labor-knights are noble men, let pride say what it may.

Let pride say what it may—true pride glories in self-made men—
Men who have won a noble name by arm, or tongue, or pen,
And men who make our comfort more in many a humble form,
In honest toil on sea or land, in sunshine or in storm.

Good, honest men, whose homes know more of peaceful calm content
Than costly mansions. Home means more than means to pay the rent;
Let wealth serve labor; labor, too, to capital yield love
And rich and poor together strive their mutual tie to prove.



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## *LABOR.*

Labor and capital combined in courteous kind relation
Give peace, and wealth, and happiness, and glory to a nation,
And here we have the proof to-day in most triumphal showing,
That bloodless victories are best, to honest labor owing.

Here flag and drum come grandly in, and cannons blaze out best
Where war and bloodshed are unknown and swords in scabbards rest;
Victory not bought with widows' wails and orphans' sighs and tears,
Nor at the cost of great lives lost, embittering future years.

God send us peace and happiness; this Labor Demonstration
Be but the prelude to success—success in combination;
And may we ever as this day, united heart and hand,
See Capital and Labor bless our prosperous Newfoundland.



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## OUR DEPARTED.

Did they meet you soon or late?
Did you feel it long to wait?
Was the river to the gate
Full of foam?
Oh, we know your Lord was there,
With His tender love and care,
To doubt we would not dare
His welcome home.

Down to the river's brim
We watched you lean on Him,
Till our tearless eyes grew dim
By the shore.
Standing by our earthly side
Faith beheld the waves divide;
At the flood you caught the tide
And were o'er.



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Who were waiting for you there?
Did you find the mansion fair
Christ had promised to prepare
For your rest?
Did the heavenly band give way,
And your loved redeemed obey
The Master's call, "To-day
Hail the blest"?

Did they claim their loved, their own,
Did they guard you to the Throne
That you might not feel alone,
Even in Heaven?
Have your voices joined once more,
As they sweetly did of yore,
Your dear Saviour to adore,
Redeemed, forgiven?

But the song you sing is new,
Reserved, redeemed, for you
Who have proved it sweet and true,
Christ the theme;
Who, in matchless love and grace,
Left His high and holy place
Our sinful fallen race
To redeem.

Oh, that wonderful new song,
How its raptures thrill heaven's throng!



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As earth's saved its notes prolong,
Angel's list.
And heaven trembles at the sound,
As that deep Amen profound
Echoes and re-echoes round,
No voice missed.

Now by faith we leave you there,
In your mansion grand and fair,
Where we hope free from earth's care
To abide.
But we must to Christ belong,
And on earth must learn that song,
Ere our voices join the throng
By your side.



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## ROYAL NATIONAL DEEP-SEA MISSION TO FISHERMEN.

On the Christening of the "Julia Sheridan," May 26th, 1897, by Miss Murray.

God speed thee on thy mission, a loving woman's gift,
Sent forth in holy hope and trust our sailors to uplift.
Our generous, hardy fishermen, who toil from dawn to dark
In wet and weariness and cold—be thou to them God's ark.
Laden with comfort for them, a boon and blessing both,
In sickness or in accident, science and love go forth
With skilful helping hand and heart: good ship, bear on their way
The gracious men and women for whom to-day we pray.

Oh, many a wife and mother's heart in comfort now will rest,
To know that help will still be near to those they love the best—
Unselfish help as freely given as God's own light and air,
So freely given we know and feel the Master must be there,
Just as He was in days of old on deep blue Galilee,
When first He chose His Fishermen disciples loved to be;
And if the Master honored them, should we not love them, too,
And help them on in every way He gives us power to do?



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## TO MISS TWILLINGATE STIRLING,

WITH A SCARF OF NATIVE COLORS,

PRESENTED BY REV. DR. POTTS, IN THE NAME OF

"THE WOMEN OF THE METHODIST COLLEGE AID."

A TOKEN OF ADMIRATION AND LOVE.

Oh, 'tis only a scarf. Why, it should be a crown,
For our own "Queen of Song" is she,
And the glorious wealth of her voice of renown
She dispenses right royally.

Aye, and loyally, too, for she loves Newfoundland,
No matter how far she may roam;
And on earth there is nothing more touchingly grand
Than the love of a patriot for home.

In the courts of our God we are rapt in amaze,
Caught up by that voice into heaven,
Till entranced we can hear the bright seraphim praise,
Through the cleft air with melody riven.

Oh, this wonderful gift! for in heaven, with love,
It survives faith and hope—aye, and prayer—
Long may Twillingate Stirling praise God up above
With that God-given voice, rich and rare.



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## JOHN CABOT.

RING out, St. Mary Redcliffe's bells,
The *Matthew* goes to sea;
John Cabot and his sailors bold
Search out new lands for thee.

If faith unfeigned, and highest hope,
And courage calm and strong,
Bespeak the hero, Cabot then
Ranks foremost in the throng.

And, kinglier than their King, their wealth
The British merchants gave,
You may be sure with words of cheer,
To Cabot true and brave.

And doubtless with the sailor lads
Went woman's love and prayers;
Adventure with its golden dream
Can ne'er beguile their cares.

The May sun shone on Bristol town,
And full, and rich, and free,



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The hawthorn fragrance filled the air
As they sailed out to sea.

God speed you, Cabot, and your ship,
God speed you sailing west!
And send you health and happiness
Upon your dangerous quest!

Out past the lands to sailors known,
With compass good and true,
Still westward, westward on he kept,
Whatever breezes blew.

Till, on St. John's day, with the sun,
Uprose a headland high,
And "Bonavista!" shouted loud
Brave Cabot to the sky.

And back to Bristol town he sailed,
And said the New-found-land
Was rich in fish and fowl and game,
And all things good and grand.

The princely Bristol merchants gave
Him royal welcome home,
And Bristol joy-bells rang out clear
From stately tower and dome.

And now we wish to honor him
With monumental fame,
That shall to future ages tell
Our great discoverer's name.



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## JOHN CABOT'S DISCOVERY.

MIDSUMMER morn a hunter stood upon the mountain height,
A silent, stately, statuesque form, against the sun's first light,
Clad loosely in rich dainty furs, his quiver by his side,
His bow across his shoulder flung; what doth his gaze betide?

Across the waters deep and blue he saw a wondrous thing
Come landward like a mighty bird borne upon witchcraft's wing;
What could it mean?—Great red man, say? For shame, a red man fear?
A red man who would die of pain, yet never shed a tear.

Still nearer, nearer, on it came; he bent his plumed head low;
The wondrous wings that sped it on seemed whiter than the snow;



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Then, like a thing instinct with life, it rounded to the bay,
And in the red man's cherished haunt the little *Matthew* lay.

Proud, proud red man, your power is gone! He scarce believes he sees
Forms like his own approach the land, and fling out to the breeze
A flag with strange yet fair device; oh, say what can it mean?
In all the tales their fathers told, like this naught e'er had been.

What should he do? No red man e'er had fled before a foe.
John Cabot saw, not without fear, the hand upon the bow,
But came with gentle, kindly look, and clasped the red man's hand,
Unspoken language yet the best to make him understand.

He understood, and from that hour the pale-face was a brother,
How quickly heart to heart responds, if true to one another!
The red men brought their treasures forth and gladly passed them o'er;
John Cabot gave them all they sought from out the *Matthew's* store.

Then mapping out the wondrous coast, and viewing well the land,
Once more John Cabot put to sea with his adventurous band.



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'Tis eastward, eastward now he sails—joy, joy, for home, sweet home!
With wind and wave the good ship fast sped o'er the ocean's foam.

Safely she enters Bristol Bay, and anxious loved ones fly,
And in response to that "All's well" their cheering rends the sky.
Hark, sweet and clear the message which St. Mary Redcliffe's bells
Ring to the ancient city, on to Clifton's wooded dells.

"John Cabot's come!—the *Matthew's* come!—'tis ours, this New-found-land."
Again and yet again he tells of treasures rich and grand;
Of wondrous wealth in sea and lake, of all the choicest fish,
Of noble woods and game to suit a hunter's utmost wish.

And then they talked of wealth of ores awaiting miner's skill,
All underlying these great woods, on mountain, dale and hill;
And harbors where the British fleet could ride out any gale:
No wonder many and many a one half doubted all the tale.

And yet the whole was not half told, our wealth is yet unknown;
And Newfoundlanders still can say, the best has not been shown.
We'll honor Cabot with the best our Newfoundland can give,
Though without monumental stone John Cabot's name will live.



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## THE ROSE.

FALL gently on it, raindrops;
  Lie gently on it, dew;
Let zephyrs fan it lightly
  From cloudless vaults of blue;
Bright sunshine woo the sweetness,
  Till leaf, and bud, and flower,
Flash out in grace and beauty
  To clothe the cherished bower.

O Rose, our own home flower,
  How beautiful thou art
In brambly wildernesses
  Or in the busy mart;
Flinging abroad thy fragrance
  From wild flowers none may see,
Charming the hearts of thousands
  'Mid scenes of revelry.



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## *THE ROSE.*

Rose, white or red or golden,
  Rose, moss-clad bud and stem,
At home in peasant's bridal wreath
  Or royal diadem!
Twined in our joy and gladness
  Around some fair young head,
Or laid in soothing sadness
  Upon our hallowed dead!

Well chosen for love's emblem,
  For, crush it as you will,
Its choicest fragrance lingers,
  Like true love, deathless still.
Then to our hearts we take thee,
  Of flowers our cherished queen,
O sweet rose, live forever,
  Felt where thou art not seen.



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## O SEYI ARUGA O SEYI SAN.

**The ladies of the West End Methodist Church undertook to give a Christian education to a Japanese girl in Tokyo; her name is O Seyi Aruga O Seyi San, ten years old. The proceeds of the sale of this song were to defray part of the expense.**

O Seyi Aruga O Seyi San,
Young Jap with the wonderful name,
You have chosen the Cross 'neath your kindred's ban,
The Cross with its sorrow and shame:
You have left the idols of ancient fame,
The gods beloved of your sires;
Have you counted the cost? Can you bear the blame,
Nor look back with fond desires?

We honor the mother's holy love,
And her trust for her little child;
We will do our best, and the Father above
Will keep her undefiled.



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## *O SEYI ARUGA O SEYI SAN.*

O Seyi Aruga O Seyi San,
You have chosen wisely and well;
And in Christian faith we will do what we can,
Though the future no mortal can tell.

But Christian women, young Seyi San,
Will teach you of Christ and Heaven,
Of the love of the Saviour that died for man
That his sins might be forgiven.
O Seyi Aruga, your gods among
None ever was like our Lord,
And we want you to tell in your wonderful tongue
All the love of that name adored.

To the sinful and sick of His tender touch,
Of His life-giving word to the dead;
To the little ones dear, "Of my kingdom is such,"
Were the gracious words that He said.
He had bread for the hungry, and cheer for the sad,
And love for the lonely man;
And He still is the same, He will make you glad,
If you trust Him, O Seyi San.



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## A YEAR SONG—1894.

Gone flowers and fruit, gone summer's sun,
  Come out and close the door—
Life's joyous time is past and gone,
  Our hearts bereaved and sore.
The eyes are closed, the voices stilled,
  That lent our life its charm,
And all the air is damp and chilled
  That once was bright and warm.

Kind memory lingers lovingly
  O'er all the happy past,
When trembling Love cried out, "Beware,
  This is too bright to last!"
But Hope was potent then, and Love
  Grew half ashamed of fear,
And happiness refused to think
  That sorrow could be near.



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Yet near it was; blow after blow
Came falling thick and fast,
And, stunned and bruised, our hearts refused
To ponder on the past.
The past—its very happiness
Our sorrows bitterer made,
As dazzling sunshine throws the gloom
Into still deeper shade.

And so past joys remembered still
Add sorrow to our grief,
Until we to the true source turn,
And Heaven sends its relief;
O'er all its light no shadow falls,
No noon, no eventide,
No passing time to mark its joys,
Forever they abide.

Our Heavenly land, our Homeland,
Our own by Grace Divine,
Accept the gift, make good our claim—
This Heaven is yours and mine.
And we, even we, shall walk in white
With loved ones safe above,
With "shining ones" our "mansion" filled,
Gift of the Saviour's love.



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## THE OLD HOMESTEAD—1867.

I.

We talked of his beautiful country home,
My farmer friend and I;
And I asked him what he would value it at,
If he sold and I should buy.
"Well," he said, "I suppose, in current coin,
The place might be worth not much,
For 'tis scarce twenty acres, quite scant for a farm,
And two thousand might purchase such.
But what do I value it at?" he said;
"Well, I'll tick off the items to you,
And I'll give to the very best of my power
Its value fair and true.



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II.

"Now, first, there's the dear old hawthorn hedge,
That was planted with care and skill,
And we lovingly watched each bud and bough,
And we're lovingly watching it still.
Well, what would I value its guardianship at,
And its flowers with their sweet perfume?
It is worth a thousand pounds to me,
Including the heather and broom.

III.

"And at what would I value my elm and ash,
My sycamore, chestnut and oak?
Well, I would not for a thousand more
Give them to the woodman's stroke;
For a loved one, bidding adieu to earth,
Through a live-long summer, each day
Sat 'neath their shade, as they rocked and swayed,
With the summer winds at play;
And they soothed her soul and carried it up
Over sun and moon and star;
And *she* loved the trees, and *we* love the trees,
And we see her wherever they are.
Did I say a thousand? I'll make it two,
For memory gives us here
The face and form, that no master-hand
Could give so true and clear.



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IV.

"And at what may I value the wood, I pray,
With its grand old forest trees,
With its wonderful lichens brown and grey,
And its flowers for the summer bees;
Its velvet carpet of moss-clad earth
That rises and falls 'neath our tread,
And the golden sunshine and sky of blue,
That laughs and glows overhead;
All the wonderful vistas and views and sights
Of the hills and the sea afar,
And the distance making musical sounds
Of the city's noise and jar;
And the feathered tribe, with their soulful song
From dawn to twilight dim,
That carry our listening souls along
With their morn and evening hymn?
The place my father and mother loved,
Where our young folks laughed in glee—
*Five thousand* down, from king or clown,
Would not purchase that wood from me.

V.

"And then there's the little meadows three,
And the field of Indian corn,
With its sweet surprise for happy eyes,
As its tassels hung out in the morn;



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And the graceful grass, and the new-mown hay,
And the glorious golden grain,
As it gleams in the sun, and bends and sways
'Neath the soft sweet summer rain;
Year in and year out they are still the same,
Repeating their living lore,—
Let us say, for their wealth of green and gold,
A couple of thousands more.

VI.

"And the garden and orchard with blossom and fruit,
To please the taste and eye,
So fair and sweet, that we all agree
No money such things could buy.
In all these six and twenty years
We have had such a dainty feast,
That I think not less than two thousand pounds
Would pay for it at the least.
And the flowers? Oh, what shall I say for them
With their perfumes?—a fabulous sum—
Why, the very thought of their priceless worth
Has stricken me suddenly dumb;
As their fragrance comes in through the window and door,
And greets us in wafts at the gate,
From lily and rose and eglantine,
And flowers of humbler state.
Just fancy how much you would have to pay
For such essence subtle and sweet



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Ere through all the summer night and day
Such odorous airs you meet.
And then—was there ever such color and form
As wreathes our garden flowers?
For did we not plant and train them all
To grace this Eden of ours?
*This* rose was the gift of a dear old friend,
Who may give such gifts no more;
Those lilacs came from a loving soul
That has passed to the distant shore.
And, taking all in all, I think
A thousand pounds won't pay
For the wealth of flowers, from many a land,
That we call our own to-day.

VII.

"And then there's the dear old flower-wreathed house,
The Home we love so well,—
It's worth not more than a thousand in gold,
But who shall its value tell?
'Tis a hallowed spot, where dear ones have trod,
This Home we call our own;
'Tis a sacred shrine whence they rose to God,
Its price and value unknown."

. . . . . .

Then we both agreed 'twas a fallacy
To say that each earthly thing
Was worth no more in this world of ours
Than its market value would bring.



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## FRAGMENTS.

### ALBION.

LAND of the brave! Friend of the slave!
Proudly we claim thee,
Queen of the sea. "Great, glorious and free,"
Men thrill when they name thee.
Beautiful land, God's Word in the hand,
God send thee glorious!
Prosper thy wooden walls, save when the mighty falls,
Keep thee victorious!

### ERIN.

ERIN, pulse of my heart, when thy memories depart
Death must efface them;
Generous thy brave sons, gentle thy fair ones,
Who can replace them?



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## *FRAGMENTS.*

### CALEDONIA.

UNCONQUERED land, no tyrant's hand
Could ever chain thee;
Through blood and fire each Covenant sire
Went ere he'd stain thee.

### TERRA NOVA.

ADOPTED home, the ocean's foam
Breaks fiercely round thee;
With rocks as wild as e'er were piled
Hath Nature bound thee.
What even though thy Winter's snow
Seems sad and dreary,
Thy sleigh-bells own a joyous tone,
Thy wood fire's cheery.



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## VICTORY AND DEATH.

'Tis morning; o'er the waters the golden sunlight streams,
And falls on many a gallant bark, on many a banner gleams,
Illumines many an eye destined to darken ere the night,
For France and Albion's rival fleets are met for mortal fight.
See how each snowy sail is spread inviting to the breeze,
See with what grace those stately ships bend to the rolling seas
That fling their spray like diamonds round each bold and glittering stem,
And form beneath the sun's bright rays a radiant diadem.
How calm, how beautiful, how fair, 'mid all their pomp they are!
What mind untutored e'er could deem their purpose cruel war?



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Closer, yet closer, on they come, till human forms are seen
Pacing each deck with haughty step and stern and warlike mien.
But one there is 'mid all the rest sought out by every eye
As maimed, and starr'd, he treads the deck of the good ship *Victory*,—
Brave Nelson, oh, that name has now become a household word,
By which young hearts to high resolves and lofty deeds are stirr'd.
How calm he seems, not joyful as he always seemed of yore,
A strange presentiment he feels which he never felt before;
Yet he kneels and prays to Him alone who ruleth land and sea,
To bless the right and give His cause a glorious victory.

He also prays that, 'mid the din of stern and dreadful war,
No cruel, base or treacherous deed their victory shall mar;
(As for himself, God held his life, and, if perchance he fell,
He thanked that God for giving strength to do his duty well.)
And then his watchword flies aloft, so full of force and beauty,
"England expects that every man this day will do his duty!"
And thrillingly sublime there swells through all that gallant fleet
One long deep loud enraptured cheer, those deathless words to greet,



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And the life-like barks come steadily as tho' all anxious, too,
To prove their worth, where worth is proved, 'mid the noble and the true.

They meet war's lightning flashes, its thunders cleave the air,
And decks are rent, and spars are riven, and flags are stricken there;
And bright fair curls are sadly stained, and dimm'd young starry eyes—
Defeat and victory, joy and woe, commingling strangely rise.
How wondrous, too, it seems to be, where brave men hold their breath,
Those British tars stand still unmoved 'mid carnage, blood and death,
Till one by one the enemy, though twice their strength they own,
Have struck their flags, still Britain's waves untarnished and alone.
Hail to the banner of the brave, hail flag of Liberty!
We bless thee where we see thee wave, for thou wavest o'er the free.

There is glory for thee, England, another victory won,
The highest hopes are realized by duty nobly done;
Thy kingly flag hath kissed the breeze from many an alien mast;
Thy gladdening cheer of triumph drowns the cannon, surge, and blast.



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Yet wherefore 'mid this rapture is the tear in every eye?
The victor's sun hath set at noon, Trafalgar's chief must die.
Poor Nelson, cover now thy stars, would they were hid before;
They were won and worn in honor, thou shalt never wear them more!
Thou wert no craven, Nelson, else thy stars had not been seen,
And their marksman had not aimed so true, if so brave thou hadst not been.

Thy prayer is heard, thy victory won, and twenty ships are thine,
And not one act of cruelty has stained thy gallant line;
And thou art lying, Nelson, with thy life-blood ebbing fast,
And the victory which thou has gained is thy greatest, but thy last.
A nation conquers, yet she weeps; what wonder that she should,
When her noble chief who won the day has sealed it with his blood?
His funeral pall is rent in twain, and each one shares a part,
And a monument is raised for him in every sailor's heart;
And Nelson's name, and Nelson's fame, with Britain's shall be one,
While her bulwarks are her wooden walls or her tars can man a gun.



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## FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! what is there in the word
By which the hardest heart is stirr'd ?
The haughtiest bend, the coldest weep,
And parting words still longest keep ;
And memory ever loves to dwell
Upon the last fond word, " Farewell."

The noble leaves his father's hall,
Where pleasure waited on his call ;
Beneath these oaks his childhood played,
His laughter echoed through this glade,
What painful thoughts his bosom swell
As to them all he bids " Farewell ! "

The soldier leaves his humble cot,
Where poverty was all his lot ;



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## *FAREWELL.*

Do victory's laurels crown his brow,
Or dire defeat attend him now?
Or does the trumpet war foretell?
Still lingers that sad word, "Farewell."

The sailor leaves his own dear home,
To track the ocean's flashing foam;
How is it that the starting tear
Comes when no storm or danger's near?
It is that o'er the billows' swell
Comes back that sound of home, "Farewell."

The young bride leaves the bowers of youth
For promised honor, love and truth;
But, oh, can after years e'er bring
Back to her heart its laughing spring?
Around her heart is thrown a spell
By that fond parting word, "Farewell."

Our first farewell is sealed by tears,
Which haunt us long through other years;
Yet something still forbids to mourn—
There is another word—"Return."
An antidote with poison dwells,
And glad "*Returns*" drown sad "*Farewells.*"



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## FIRST FAREWELL TO HOME.

FARE thee well, my own sweet home ;
Far amid the ocean's foam
Memory still will cling to thee
Deeply, fondly, tenderly ;
Binding, with a lasting spell,
To the scenes I loved so well
Every mountain, every dale,
Every flower that loved the vale,
Every sweet entrancing bliss,
In that home of happiness :
By the morn and evening prayer
From the lips I loved to hear,—
Father, a tone was in thy voice
That still made my heart rejoice ;
By my mother's tender love,
Which no time could e'er remove,
With its world of hopes and fears,
Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears;



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By the depth of love that lies
In either sister's beaming eyes,
Looking together on one flower
Growing in love from hour to hour;
And brothers—but they're gone away
O'er the ocean's fitful spray;
And one whose bark is even now
Parting the wave with glistening prow;
Guide him, Father, safely o'er
To Terra Nova's distant shore.
May those loved brothers meet in joy
With not a cloud their bliss to alloy!
Home, again I turn to thee,
Scene of happy infancy,
Where even now loved children play
Through the long bright summer day.
One sweet boy—I see him now,
Three sunny summers on his brow,
And his rosy dimpled cheek
Wreathed in smiles whene'er I speak!—
How his voice, so soft and clear,
Fell like music on my ear!
In my dreams that child I see
In his happy childish glee,
But it strikes a chord too deep,
And I waken but to weep.
Home, thou art a blessed spot,
A thing that ne'er can be forgot;
Though thro' crowded streets I roam,
Yet my thoughts still tend to home.



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## *FIRST FAREWELL TO HOME.*

'Mid the brilliant, young and gay,
Full of life and buoyancy,
Homeward ever turns my soul,
As the needle seeks the pole.
Oh, how wistfully I pry
Through thy veil, Futurity!
To my meeting all once more
On my own beloved shore.
Ah! its grand wild rocks will be
Such a blessed sight to me;
And every voice I loved to hear
Will sound more doubly sweet and dear.
Would that I could reach that home,
Ne'er again from it to roam;
Would all our household band were there
In my joy their part to bear!
Until then, farewell, my home,
Far amid the ocean's foam;
May peace and joy around thee dwell,
Fare thee well, my Home, farewell.



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## HOPE REALIZED.

Was it a dream, or did I see
  My own dear home once more?
Was that the dash of bright waves free
  Along its rocky shore?
My wearied soul has turned away
  From Fashion's fitful joy,—
Oh, for my scenes of childish play,
  And I once more a boy!

What though the rich and great may court
  My favor and esteem,
And when I join the gay resort
  Bright eyes with pleasure beam?
'Neath friendship's mask there may be guile,
  Though hidden from the gaze;
Oh, for my mother's gentle smile,
  My father's grateful praise!

And this is what I longed for once;
  Aye, these are youth's bright dreams,
That still grow dimmer in advance,
  And now how vain it seems!
Thus Hope, the little airy thing,
  Still gilds the future hours,—
Oh, sweeter are the buds of Spring
  Than Summer's richest flowers.



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## HOME.

Fond associations cling
Round thee, home of life's young spring;
Something binding like a spell
To mountain, valley, rock and dell;
Something earth can ne'er estrange,
Though fortune, place and friends may change;
Something holy, deep, refining,
Something almost past defining,—
The deepest sorrow time can tell
Is uttered in our first farewell.
We look and linger by each spot,
Fearful lest it might be forgot,
Though like a green oasis still
It meets us, turn where'er we will;
With a bloom time cannot mar,
Though home and friends be scattered far,
Dear home, there linger round thee ever
Feelings, memories, nought can sever.



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## A SCRIPTURE SCENE.

### 1 SAMUEL XXVI.

'TWAS noon of night in glorious Palestine,
The soft pale moon had just begun to shine;
O'er Hachilah's high hill her rays were thrown,
And lit with beauty sleeping Jeshimon.
The flowers that loved the sunlight sought repose,
The night-blooms all their cups 'gan to unclose
To catch the pearly dews that softly fell
Till tiny globules filled each trembling cell.
Land of the East, God's holy Palestine,
Eden of earth, what glowing scenes were thine!

A royal band encamp upon the hill;
Quick form the lines, let all around be still;
Pitch here the warrior-monarch's silken tent,
Place every safeguard prudence can invent.
King Saul, thou'rt wearied with thy journeying—sleep,
What canst thou fear whilst Abner watch doth keep?



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Brave faithful Abner, ever at thy side,—
Sleep calmly, monarch, what can thee betide?
Thy noble gallant band are all around,
Thine own true spear is by thee on the ground.
A mightier form of sleep has fallen on all,
The same that fell on Adam ere the fall.
Poor hunted David, thou hast heard all this—
Where art thou resting? In the wilderness.

No silken tent o'er thee is nightly spread,
From the damp dews to shield thy weary head;
Brave stripling warrior, Israel's singer sweet,
This thy reward for many a martial feat;
Thou dar'st not sleep, thou and thy sages see
That Saul in all his cunning finds not thee.
Thou, like a bandit, hid'st in caverns deep,
Or perched on rocks, where wild things fear to sleep.

David, upon a hill above their head,
Beholds the sleeping army 'neath him spread,
Asks of his warriors who with him will go
With cautious step amid the slumb'ring foe?
Abishai volunteers—so soft his tread,
Until they reach the sleeping monarch's head—
Then speaks: "Lo, David, how thy God hath given
Into thy hand him who 'gainst thee hath striven,—
Thy mortal enemy, he who hath thrown
A blight o'er all the bliss thou e'er hast known,
Hath exiled thee from country, kindred, home,
Nor left thee hope of rest save in the tomb.



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"I've sworn obedience to thee; speak, I pray—
Give this right hand of mine the power to slay;
Hast thou not proved me oft before, and know
My skilful aim requires no second blow?
This spear shall pierce him in his vital part,
And tremble 'mid the pulses of his heart;
Thou shalt be safe, I swear, the slightest sound
Of fear or pain shall not break silence round,
Nor shall one drop of useless blood be shed
To place his kingdom's crown upon thy head.
Let no word second that reproving look,
Delay even now is more than I can brook."

"What would'st thou do, my valiant Abishai?
The Lord's anointed stretch thy hand to slay?
Would'st thou not dread th' Almighty vengeance due
To all who such accurséd deed should do?
Forbid it, Lord, that I should ever see
That glittering spear dimm'd with such treachery.
As the Lord liveth who hath been my guide
From me or mine no ill shall Saul betide.
Beneath God's chastening he shall fade away,
Or perish in the battle's wild affray;
My hand shall harm him not—take cruse and spear,
Nor let us longer tarry idly here."

All hushed, they gain Hachilah's sister hill;
The valley lies between; all yet is still,
When David's voice rings out o'er cliff and glen:
"Ho! Abner, where art thou, and where thy men?



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God save my lord, the King!" "What, who art thou
That dar'st salute thy kingly master now?"
"Askest thou, Abner? Who for chivalry
Through Israel's mighty host is like to thee,
Or who so faithful? Say, how could'st thou sleep,
And fail thy Sovereign's nightly guard to keep?
One of the people sought to kill the King—
Say, Abner, art thou guiltless in this thing?

"As the Lord liveth, justly should'st thou die,
Why kept'st thou not the Lord's anointed? Why?
Behold his cruse of water and his spear—
How came they from thy monarch's pillow here?"

Saul half awakes: whose is the voice he hears?
The guiltless ne'er can feel the guilty's fears;
That voice oft soothed his soul with sounds divine,—
Trembling he cries, "My son, the voice is thine;
Is it not David?" "Yes, my lord, O King,
How is it I have erred that thou should'st bring
Thy valiant men to hunt out and pursue
A life unworthy as is mine to you?
What evil have I done? My life hath been
Devotedly thine own through every scene
Of peace or war; thy daughter's love I gained;
Ask her if it was worthlessly retained.
My very soul is knit up in thy line
In bonds of tenderness almost divine;
And thou, O King, hast severed all from me,
Exiled from friends, from home and sanctuary;



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## *A SCRIPTURE SCENE.*

If thus thou track'st my steps at God's command,
Will He accept no offering at thy hand?

"Know'st thou this cruse and spear? Would traitor's hand
Have left thee sleeping 'mid a sleeping band?
Send now a youth to fetch it; our God be
This night a righteous Judge 'twixt thee and me.
Return, O King, nor let a vengeful God
Require at thy right hand thy servant's blood,
Although I fear thee not,—my God is He
Who out of thickest darkness still can see,
Shakes the high mountains till the cedars fear,
Speaks in the thunder, reigns in every sphere;
Winds are His chariot, ocean fears His rod:
What art thou, Saul, to fight against my God?"

Low bowed the stately King. "Recall my men.
Return thou, David, to thy home again;
I swear before high heaven my hand shall ne'er
Against thy life again raise sword or spear.
Call thee a traitor? Hast thou not before
In the dark cave cut off the robe I wore?
Hath not thy zeal and truth my kingdom won?
I have been mad—return my son, my son;
God's blessing rest on thee, thou hast been just;
'Tis I have proved a traitor to my trust.
I seek my home again; fear thou no ill,
With Arm Omnipotent around thee still."



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## THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

**When intelligence of the taking of Quebec reached England, every city and village was illuminated except the country village of Westerham, in Kent, where Wolfe's widowed mother mourned her only child.**

VICTORY! Victory! Lights flashing everywhere,
Up from the peasant's home, high over princely dome,
Softening to twilight fair, heightened to noontide's glare,
Making the busy street echo steps yet more fleet;
Up from the lonely glen, far from the haunts of men,
Gleaming out through the trees, swayed by the fitful breeze;
Now from the mountain height flinging their blaze of light,
Now like a starry beam falling on lake and stream.
Victory! Victory! bells with their merry chime
Drowning the flight of time,
Making old England seem bright as a fairy dream,
With all those sounds sublime soothed into sweetest rhyme.
One name on every tongue with the great victory sung,
One name in every light glowed on that glorious night,



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## *THE DEATH OF WOLFE.*

Thine, Wolfe, no common name, linked with no common
fame,
Deathless, still young!
Victory! Victory! Lights flashing everywhere,
Save from his village home where he had loved to roam—
No lights were there.
There, how could joy have smiled? Wolfe's mother
mourned her child;
Child, aye, an only one—ne'er mother blessed such son,
Gentle and brave;
Gentle, yet doomed to die 'mid war's wild agony,
Knowing with victory won he there must die alone
As one unknown.
Vainly his stiffening hand, so used to proud command,
Sought from his glazing eye death's filmy dews to dry,
But for one glance to see aught of the victory.
Conqu'ror, 'twas sad to die when the foe turned to fly,
Ensuring with parting breath success to thine arms in death;
Knowing, undoomed to see, thine immortality.
Well may thy mother weep, whilst crowds their revels keep;
Well may thy village light pale on this joyous night,
Mourning the hero gone who had the victory won.
Oh, they may well illume where grief hath left no gloom.
England may gain the day in many a future fray,
England may joy again o'er cities stormed and ta'en;
But to that village home ne'er can such hero come;
Ne'er can Wolfe's mother more joy as she joyed of yore,
Victory to her is none, victory that cost such son;
No marvel that she wept whilst crowds their revels kept,
Nor that his village light paled on that joyous night.



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## OUR UNFORGOTTEN.

"But tell me, thou bird of the solemn strain,
Can those who have loved forget?
We call, but they answer not again;
Do they love, do they love us yet?"
—MRS. HEMANS.

OUR unforgotten! Who are they? The strangely beautiful,
With every grace of form and face
That earthly mould can cull;
That all-surpassing loveliness e'en death at first fails to make less;
Perfect as classic statuary,—can these our unforgotten be?
Oh, no, not these,—they gleam like sunshine on a stream;
We meet them, and they charm us while they stay;
But, passed away, they seem like memories of a dream
Unreal and shadowy, formed but to decay;
Vague as the mist that fills the vale between the hills
By morning sunbeams kiss'd, exhaled away.



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## *OUR UNFORGOTTEN.*

Our unforgotten! Who? The rich and great
Borne o'er their parent earth in lordly state?
Whose titles ring like clarions on our ear,
Whose presence fills the sycophant with fear,—
Are these our unforgotten ones? They never die while live their sons.
We can forget them not whose only fame
Passes from heir to heir with rank or with high name.

Who are our unforgotten? Let these be!—
With the first rays of moonlight come with me,
Though it be but in fancy, to some cave
Where thou hast sat of yore ere life's sky darkened o'er,
And tune thine ear for music from the wave.
Hush! Now, will some one twine a loving arm in thine
Until the breath feels warm upon thy cheek,
And memory back will bring some old familiar thing,
Sweet words thou lov'dst to hear that "some one" speak—
Memories, first faint and dim, of some old holy hymn
Loved ones have sung in twilights long gone by,
And *they* perchance have gone where sorrow is unknown,
Yet they, our unforgotten, cannot die.

They come in gloaming hour, when Memory rules with power;
Our unforgotten past is present, and our own;
When heart to heart was twined by something undefined,
A something to our world by name unknown.



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Friendship! That sounds too cold. Love can be bought and sold
Too oft by sordid souls for interest, beauty, gold;
What marvel, then, we miss heart-fellowship like this,
As rare on earth as diamonds in a mine?
Sending out all around rays through the gloom profound,
Gladdening the heart and eye wherein they shine.

. . . . . .

Again for absent ones a household scene,
With twilight stealing o'er a firelit room,
Throwing bright glances o'er the deepening gloom,
Whilst many a shadowy figure falls between,
Fills each remembered place with a familiar face,—
We love to see them where they once have been.

These are our unforgotten ones, who need
No sweet forget-me-not, no pansy dark with thought,
To leave with us their absent cause to plead.
They come with morning's light, all spiritually bright,
They share with us the noontide work, or walk;
With the declining sun their lengthening shadows run,
At eve they are our social talk.
To them, oft more than heaven,
Our parting thoughts are given,
And wayward fancy brings them back in sleep.
Though we each trifle prize, of theirs that with us lies,
Our unforgotten names not thus we keep;
But mirrored in our heart, too deep for aught to part,
Death, distance, time—or worse—earth's endless change,
Linked by the tenderest tie, all these and more defy
Our unforgotten names aught to estrange.



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## "SAILED, AND HAS NOT SINCE BEEN HEARD OF."

SOFTLY, gentle breezes, ere she leaves the shore
Let her gallant sailors waft one farewell more:
One hour for tender parting, with fondest farewell rife,
Before ye fan her canvas into fluttering life.
Now 'tis done, 'tis over—let this be the last,
Lift the clinging pennon from the dripping mast;
Force the tear unfallen back upon its source.
See! the gallant vessel stands upon her course;
Gracefully the blue waves bear her on her way,
Home's loved cliffs have faded with the fading day;
Bright eyes dim with weeping, e'en that speck is gone
That from highest hill-top thou wert gazing on;
Westward, with the day-god, it hath vanished too,
Leaving to night's jewels heaven's arch of blue.
Homeward, weary watcher, now that sight is gone
Faith and Hope are only thine to lean upon.
Tend the flowers beloved, let not one leaf look sere,
As the hour long looked for of meeting draweth near.



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## *"SAILED, NOT SINCE BEEN HEARD OF."*

Weary, weary watching; doubts and fears come quick,
And with "hope deferred" the heart is growing sick.
What can have detained her? 'Tis surely past the time
Tidings should come of her from that foreign clime.
Days into weeks are passing, and weeks as ages seem,
Fancy groweth painful as a fearful dream.
Time is flying ever, foot and wing untired,
Months have passed, yet cometh not the news desired.
"Lloyds" at length have noted her sailing day and date,
"Has not since been heard of." Say, what was her fate?
Oh, the racking torture!—oh, the woe intense
To many a wife and mother of that dread suspense!
"Has not since been heard of." How it knells for aye
Out through all their life long as of yesterday!
"Has not since been heard of"; deep abiding woe,
Never mingling gently with times long ago;
Never, never ending, death in deathless form,
Sighing in soft breezes, shrieking in the storm;
Never resting calmly in one holy spot,
Where love could plant a flower, "a sweet forget-me-not."
Yet fancy's death is awful as real death can be,
Because it is undying, that last keen agony.

"Has not since been heard of." Sadder words have ne'er
Vibrated in sorrow on a mourner's ear.
Never shall be heard of till the final day
When the trump proclaimeth "Time hath passed away,"
And the mourned and mourner shall stand face to face,
By the Archangel summoned from their resting place.



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## LINES ON THE SALE OF KNOYDART,

### THE LAST OF THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE CLAN OF GLENGARRY.

SILENCE and sadness! The clan of Glengarry
Holds lordship no longer o'er mountain and dell;
"The rock and the raven" no longer shall carry
Their shout of defiance o'er moorland and fell.
Perished their clanship, the halls of their fathers,
Where visored and gauntleted warriors trod,
Now echo no sound save the storm where it gathers,
And sighs its wild dirge o'er the desolate sod.

Vanished their tartan and claymore forever,
Their war-cry no more in the lowland is known,
And their language, so wild and impassioned, shall never
Be spoken or sung save by some minstrel lone.



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## *LINES ON THE SALE OF KNOYDART.*

They are passing away, their homes owned by the stranger,
Who will heedlessly tread where the proud chieftains lie,
And the sons who were foremost, in peril or danger,
Are gone o'er the billow in far lands to die.

'Tis centuries now since thy banner, Glengarry,
First swept like a whirlwind along in its wrath,
Since thy war-cry first swelled to the eagle's high eyrie
And startled the deer in its wild mountain path.
When was thy pibroch mute? when did'st thou ever
Shrink till the feud or the battle was o'er?
Line of heroes undaunted, who dreamed there could ever
Come a day when thy clan could be chieftained no more?

Has thy country no bard who its harp-strings will waken,
And chant one wild coronach over thy line—
One sad, sad lament for the old land forsaken,
With its stern heath-clad mountains and forests of pine?
Glorious old land, where the lake, crag, and river,
Repose in the sunshine in loveliest form,
Who could not sing of thee? when wild tempests shiver
The forest's tall stems, thou art grandest in storm.

Oh, hallowed forever, in lowland or highland,
Be thy memory, Glengarry, though thy clan be no more.
As long as the sunbeam gilds mountain and island,
May they name thee in love where thou ruled'st of yore!
May no action ignoble, no deed that is craven,
Stain their names who have left thee at duty's behest,
To teach their brave children the "rock and the raven"
In their peaceful new homes in the Land of the West.



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## SAVE THE BOY.

SEE the cataract, foaming madly,
Rainbow-wreathed, sweep thundering down,
Whirling, crushing giant branches,
Once the forest monarch's crown!
Naught can stay it, naught control it,
Vain man's power, or skill, or steam;
How it flings his fetters from it
Like the fancies of a dream!
See, the rock is worn and wasted,
Yet it turns not from its course;
In our feebleness and weakness
Let us trace it to its source.

Here it frets, and foams, and eddies,
Through the rapids rushing on;
There it spreads out placid, peaceful,
Mirroring the morning's dawn.



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Backward, backward ere the streamlets,
  Flashing right and flashing left,
Feed it with their rolling riches
  From a thousand ravines cleft.
Now it glides a gentle river,
  'Twixt its low banks clad in green,
Yachts with snowy sails sweep down it:
  What a peaceful, happy scene!

Backward still, far up the mountain,
  Nestling amid flowers and leaves,
Oozing, dripping, falling softly,
  To its fountain close it cleaves;
And the feeble foot of childhood—
  Nay, the faintest finger touch—
Might divert the wondrous cataract
  That hath awed the world so much.

. . . . . .

Hence the moral. Who may read it?
  Read it right, its lesson scan,
Read and learn and act, well knowing
  "The child is father to the man."

. . . . . .

Fathers, mothers, train your children,
  Moulding them with greatest care,
Living, acting (not poor seeming),
  Lives with records true and fair;



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Just such lives your boys can proudly
  Follow where your footsteps go,
Just such lives as you can truly
  Say, "I wish their manhood so."

Save the boy, if love can save him;
  'Tis so hard to save the man;
Save the boy, so nobly generous,
  From the tempter's blight and ban.
Save the boy, not your boy only,
  But the stranger in your land;
Meet him with a kindly greeting
  And a warm clasp of the hand;
Guide him where he may be useful,
  Where his life-work may be joy,
God and conscience both approving,
  While you strive to "save the boy."



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## CHRISTMAS, 1890.

ANOTHER year has quickly flown,
With a history all its own;
Once again
Comes the blessed Christmas time,
With its memories so sublime,
Chief an angel's chaunt and chime,
Heaven's refrain.

Evermore, with hallowed light,
Breaks upon this solemn night
"Glory to God."
Sang the bright angelic choir,
Low as earth, than heaven higher,
Heralding the WORLD'S DESIRE
Far abroad.



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## *CHRISTMAS, 1890.*

Suddenly a heavenly throng
Joined in that sublimest song,
"Peace and good-will."
Highest, holiest heaven made known
Christ had stooped for man to atone
To the Cradle from the Throne,
Atoning still!

And when the midnight chimes ring out,
Still we hear that rapturous shout
From Palestine.
Our Prince, our Saviour-King is born,
King though crowned with cruel thorn,
Crucified, condemned with scorn,
Yet King Divine.

All hail the day with love untold!
Bring gifts and frankincense and gold
Our King to own.
Let all His sacred name that bear
In loving emulation share,
In haste His kingdom to prepare,
And then enthrone.



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## DAVID AND THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

O FOR a draught of water
From Bethlehem's crystal well,
To bring me back a dream of those
Who wove my youth's bright spell;
When wearied with the noon-tide heat
I sought its palm-trees' shade,
And led my flock beneath the rock,
Where cooling zephyrs played.

Oh, what high aspirations
Like heavenly music stole
When my harp poured at eventide
The language of my soul!
What bright prophetic visions swept
O'er all the years to come!
What lofty deeds to be achieved
In Bethlehem my home!



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## *DAVID AND THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.*

Oh, Bethlehem! humble city,
My seer-like glance can see,
Dim and obscure yet not less sure,
Our SHILOH spring from thee;
And often, in the calm still eve,
His God-like form rose there,
Mightiest among the sons of men,
'Midst angels passing fair.

Bright, swift and clear life's river rolled
Forever by His side,
And Bethlehem's well was lost to view
In its o'erflowing tide;
While my rude harp, no longer mine,
Seemed swept by heavenly hands,
As thousand harps took up the strain
From thousand viewless bands.

Now wearied, worn, an exiled one,
My harp untuned, unstrung,
Adullam's cave my resting-place,
How shall God's praise be sung?
Oh, for thy waters, Bethlehem!
To lead me back once more,
Through blessed memory to the days,
I drank the draught of yore.

Oh, for the wings of yonder dove!
I soon should lave my breast



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In its cool wave, and think myself
No longer one unblest.
In vain, in vain; Philistia's host
Is camped o'er all the ground,
It peoples Bethlehem's hold and keeps
The city all around.

. . . . . .

Thus sang the shepherd prince, and thought no ear
Save One above his hopeless prayer might hear;
Unconscious he that valorous ardor fired
Three worthy breasts, to bring the boon desired.
With the eyes' language speaking soul to soul,
Forth from the cave with spears upraised they stole,
Passed through the foeman's host with haughty tread,
As if they each a conquering army led.

They reached the city's gates; each sentinel
In silent wonder saw them gain the well,
With casque or helm, from hand or burning brow
Dipp'd into Bethlehem's fount, they leave it now.
Now, valiant Tachmonite, bear well thy spear,
Revenge for slaughtered hundreds waits thee here,—
Right well they know thee and thy comrades twain
By whom so many Philistines were slain!
Come, Eleazer, grasp thy well-tried sword;
Press closely, Shammah, forward through the horde!

. . . . . .

They breathe again. Thine arm, Omnipotence,
Hath surely been their safeguard and defence.



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## *DAVID AND THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.*

Rephaim's valley lieth far behind,
Nor fleetest horsemen seek their hold to find.
They reach the cave. King David, it is thine,
Bought at more costly price than richest mine,—
Bethlehem's bright water, sighed for not in vain,
Borne through the host encamped on hill and plain.
Thine was a kingly wish, thy peerless three
Have ventured life and limb to bring it thee.
Quaff it, King David, and let it inspire
A lofty theme for thy poetic lyre.

. . . . . .

Oh, Bethlehem's blood-bought water,
I dare not drink of thee ;—
Thus humbly, Lord, I pour it out,
Thine let the offering be !
The life-blood of the men I love—
Far from me be it, Lord ;
The love that planned such deed I own
Too great for man's reward.



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## NAAMAN, THE SYRIAN.

'Tis Syria's capital, and Syria's King,
Flushed with late conquest, now sits dallying
With his great general, fights his battles o'er,
And proudly counts on victories in store;
Looks round the splendid halls and sees with pride
That art and nature have together vied
To place him second to himself alone,
And equal in all else except the throne.
The King has gone; the great man sinks again
Back on the silken couch where he had lain.
Soft falls the sunlight through the clustering leaves
Of fondling vine which round that palace cleaves;
How lullingly Abana's murmuring sound
Steals like soft music on the stillness round,
Whilst distant Pharpar, as it rolls along,
Adds its deep notes unto the soothing song.



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Sweet through the open lattice comes the breath
Of flowers that yield their perfume e'en in death.
How feels the great man? Fancy wings no higher,
Nature and art anticipate desire.
How feels he? Ghastly shadows sweep
O'er brow and eye, that seem unused to weep,—
Shadows from suffering, that no tears have power
To lull to rest e'en for a single hour.
'Tis Naaman the Leper, envied not
By humblest citizen for his proud lot.

. . . . . .

Another chamber. If the last were fair,
Beauty almost exceeded beauty there;
The costliest draperies that had ever been
Woven in loom of skilful Damascene
Were festooned by soft wreaths of living flowers,
Whose secret odors rose from founts in showers.
There sat the Leper's wife, most wondrous fair,
With crowning glory of bright waving hair,
While skilfully its ringlets wreath and braid
The slender fingers of a Hebrew maid,
A little captive, whom a Syrian band
Had led away from her beloved land.
And, though the Syrian matron loved her well,
Still mingled with the perfumed drops there fell
Bright pearly tears that would not keep their cell
A moment, tho' her trembling fingers swept
From her pale cheek the tokens that she wept.
One might discern where her sad thoughts had been
By the sweet simple words that intervene:



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"Would God my lord Samaria's prophet found;
Surely he'd make the Leper whole and sound."
Then to her lord the matron eager said,
That "thus and thus spake Israel's little maid."
We know the rest, how the proud Leper went
Charged with the mandate which Benhadad sent;
We hear poor Israel's king, the weak and frail,
Rending his clothes, and making piteous wail,
Until the prophet bade him send, and see
That still the mighty power of God had he.
We mark the pawing horses chafing stand,
To wait the humble prophet's healing hand,
And see the anger in that dark eye speak
That fails, from sad disease, to flush the cheek
When but an humble messenger is seen,
To bid him dip in Jordan and be clean.
No wonder that Damascus met his view,
With its two rivers, swelling dark and blue.
This Jordan how could e'er the prophet dare
With Pharpar and Abana to compare?
He turned away. Again his servants plead
How small the act required, how great his need.

. . . . . .

Then when the Leper laved and was made whole,
And humbly turned to Israel's God his soul,
May we not hope that he who bore the earth
Back to his home, from where the maid had birth,
As something sacred, bore her also back,
To trace her unforgotten childhood's track,



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A faint return for all the good that she
Conferred upon him by her sympathy.
Scripture is silent, but we love to trace,
From our kind Father's dealings with the race,
With tender care the little Jewish maid,
Borne back to where in infancy she played;
We love to see her, in maturer years,
Tell to a loving group, past hopes and fears;
And at life's close we love to see her hand
Stretched out in welcome to a Better Land.



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## NEWFOUNDLAND.

Our own Newfoundland, swept by tempest and storm,
With thy headlands of grandeur and glory,
We love thee with love and devotion as warm
As was e'er land belovéd in story.
A brave land art thou, for the storm-king in wrath
With mountainous billows hath swept thee;
They have thundered and foamed through the ages long past,
But the hand that created hath kept thee.

The winter hath clad thee in crystal and pearl,
With the berg and the floe surrounding;
But safe lie the ships in the sheltering arms
Of thy harbors and bays abounding.
Thou hast wealth in the ocean, and wealth in the wood,
And ores in thy rough bosom sleeping,
And rivers, and lakes, and fiords as grand
As Norway still holds in her keeping.

Newfoundland holds the key to the western world,
Newfoundland holds the key to our heart;
And we'll love her and prize her, and pray for her, too,
Till memory and feeling depart.



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## IN MEMORIAM.

### Mrs. McM.

A saintly soul as ever walked with God,
A loyal friend as e'er the green earth trod;
Genial and generous, her native grace
Conveyed her soul's expression to her face,—
Not with the beauty mere of face or form,
But lovely in affections deep and warm.
Her tremulous voice with sympathy grew faint
When friends in sorrow brought her their complaint;
With love-full heart for mourning friends she cared,
Who felt that sorrow told was sorrow shared;
And though the narrowing circle still were sad,
Her loving presence made the mourners glad.

. . . . . .

We missed and mourned her; aye, we miss her still;
Such friends we cannot conjure up at will;



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Resting on her we found no broken reed
To fail the neediest in the time of need.
Yet, bright and cheery in the time of joy,
Her sympathy was gold without alloy.
How in her home she revelled in her flowers,
Her garden pets that cheered her leisure hours,
And gave her friends delight whene'er they came,
And some we still hold sacred to her name!
A loving, living memory that enshrines
A friend round whom our sweetest thought entwines,
And whom we trust to meet and have for aye,
A friend beloved, in realms of endless day.



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## CABOT.

"Good Master Mayor," John Cabot said,
"If I had but means and men
To sail the seas, I would westward steer."
Quoth the Mayor, "Good John, what then?"

"What then? Good Master, I hope to find
Lands richer than far Cathay,
But I've sued in vain to our sovereign King,
And he heeds not a word I say.

"Our Bristol merchants are likelier far
To adventure their gold for more—
But, God save our high and mighty prince,
He holds fast to his golden store!

"Your noble fanes to worship God
Your merchant men have built;



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And now they may fain have souls to save
In the new lands, if thou wilt."

"Wise Cabot, you rightly judge your men;
Command what means you may,
And order your ships and needful stores"—
Which he did, and sailed away.

In his little ship *Matthew*, fifty tons,
With his gallant English crew,
He sailed, and sailed, and "Westward ho!"
By compass tried and true.

And just as a sullen murmur rose—
"Lads, we bide long from home,"—
"'Tis midsummer morn, as I live," cried one;
"Land ho! with a streak of foam!"

And Cabot was called, and hailed the sight
With a ringing shout and cheer;
And "*Bonavista*" again and again
Rang out full and glad and clear."

We fancy now we see their joy,
As faring forth they went,
And back at eve with fish and game,
The long, long day well spent.

. . . . . .



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Home they came to their friends, who looked
anxiously out,
They must tell of this New-found-land,
Which the "men of the West Countree" have
explored,
For their miserly King to command.

And the steeples and turrets are ringing with joy,
As Cabot sets foot on the quay,
The brave old mariner, staunch and true,
Had borne him right valiantly.

And right fair was his guerdon and meed of praise
From the generous merchant men;
They feasted and cheered the man who had brought
New lands within their ken.

Alas, alas, it is rarely thus,
For the great and the good must die
Ere the careless world will own their fame,
Or reck where their ashes lie.

Yet though Cabot's dust be unhonored, unmarked,
His fame through the wide world sweeps;
And the world gives him honor and glory to-day,
While calm and unrecking he sleeps.



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## MIDSUMMER EVE.

MIDSUMMER eve, where dim old woods
Were never trod by fairy band,
Where haunted glen or castle lone
Rise not for dreamers in the land!
Midsummer eve! the bonfires flash
Like jewels on fair twilight's brow,—
Pale 'neath the glowing western sky,
Bright 'neath the darker eastern now.

Far o'er the forest wide it gleams,
Lights faintly up the distant hills;
Flings o'er the lake its ruddy beams,
And flashes o'er the sparkling rills.
The snipe its measured mournful note
Rings out like echoes on the ear;
But memory's echoes round us float,
Until we nought save them can hear.



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## *MIDSUMMER EVE.*

O memory, sadly fair art thou,
  Forever present—ever young;
Like a sweet face and radiant brow,
  By curls like tendrils overhung:
Back, back it bears the throbbing heart,
  O'er all the weary way gone by,
When glowing flowers in beauty strewn
  On early graves now faded lie.

Oh, how distinct the shadows fall,
  Shadows that substance have no more!
And echo answers to our call,
  Instead of voices heard of yore.
And thoughts—strange thoughts—rise up; we see
  The wondrous change and chance of years,
And find past joys can smiles forget,
  But sorrow ne'er forgets its tears.

The infant lip and eye of mirth
  Rise up as from a hallowed land;
Unlike, as leaves that strew the earth,
  Comes back our childhood's loving band;
And their unstudied laughter far
  Is echoing over rock and sea;
The bonfire dims the evening star—
  No sorrow clouds glad childhood's glee.



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## COLUMBUS.

All day in weary study,
  All night in wondrous dreams,
With none to aid or cheer him,
  Forlorn and lone he seems.
A dreamer scorned and slighted,
  An unknown humble son,
Must all the knowledge of the world
  Succumb to such an one?
He called the world unfinished,
  And trusted in God's might,
If men and means were given him,
  To bring new worlds to light.
'Midst the flotsam and the jetsam
  Swept in by western storms,
He saw strange straggling seaweed,
  And stranger human forms.

Repulsed by his Genoa,
  He turns to sunny Spain,
And there to King and Council
  He pleads, and pleads in vain.



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## *COLUMBUS.*

All honor to the woman—
  The woman was a QUEEN—
She saw beneath the surface
  The purpose none had seen;
Where King and Council faltered,
  And great men feared and failed,
The Queen upheld Spain's honor
  Until the hero sailed.

Henceforth they hailed him Admiral;
  There lay his tiny fleet,
Within the Gulf of Cadiz,
  Three ships full staunch and meet
To breast the mighty ocean,
  To face the Storm King's wrath,
To fling all fear like foam-flakes
  Still wakeward in his path.
Waiting, with prows turned westward,
  Columbus holds his breath,
Revealing his Christian love and faith
  By showing forth Christ's death.
In that sacramental service
  The dauntless sailor gave
A touching, tender farewell,
  Ere he voyaged o'er the wave.

Ah, who can tell that voyage,
  With all its hopes and fears
Confided in strong confidence
  To Him who sees and hears



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The battles with the billows,
The life in storm and calm.
Surely Columbus dearly won
A victor's crown and palm!
Still onward, onward ever;
Strange seaweed heaves in sight,
Strange sea-birds skim the ocean,
At last—a light! a light!
And, lo, before the sunrise,
Uprose the long-sought land,
And joy and praise and song came then
From all the murmuring band.

The voice that sung the mighty hymn
In loftier praise uprose,
That sacramental starting
Deserved a glorious close;
And through the fragrant flowers
And o'er the lofty trees
The "Gloria in Excelsis"
Was borne upon the breeze.
Meet finish for a voyage
Begun in humble prayer,
That glad exultant song of praise
On the land-perfumed air.
Such rapture meet rewarding
Such firm, unchanging hope,
A continent whose bounds outsweep
The fancy's wildest scope!



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No poet's thought in dreamland
  Had imaged aught like this,
A hemisphere of beauty,
  A paradise of bliss!
Homeward with rich endowment,
  What wealth for sunny Spain!
What endless possibilities
  This new world must contain!
What fields for vast ambition,
  Adventure, wealth and power!
The "gorgeous Ind" and famed "Cathay"
  Eclipsed were in that hour.
He brought back perfumes, gold and gems,
  And human forms divine,
An offering meet for worthier race,
  Ungrateful Spain, than thine.

False courtiers dare defame his name,
  False King in fetters bound,
And so he lived dishonoréd,
  Ungarlanded, uncrowned.
His Queen was dead, his King was dead;
  In all that princely band
Not one stood by him, and he owned
  Not house nor foot of land.
Ungrateful princes sought too late
  To undo the bitter past—
The iron had entered that brave soul
  And rankled to the last.



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And then, forsooth, when mighty death,
  Mightier than mightiest king,
Severed his bonds and set him free,
  They fain would honors bring ;
Pompous parade and funeral rites
  They to his ashes gave ;
And those who robbed him of a home
  With marble crowned his grave.

Too late, too late ! O world, wake now,
  And give the great their meed,
While life is theirs to taste the joy
  And bless your generous deed !
'Tis painful now to think of all
  The honor vainly given,
But bless your God your hero has
  Richer reward in heaven.

The saintly man that lived for God,
  Let weal or woe betide,
Lived for the certain sure reward
  That never was denied.
Take care, whene'er you honor him,
  His Master has a place ;
Remember first and last his God
  Had conduct of his case.
And, mighty world, 'tis better far
  Give honour while men live,
A just reward ere death shall come
  And steal your power to give.



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## OUR FUTURE.

We are rolling onward
With the wave of Time,
And see a glorious future
In the age sublime;
See our city crowning
All the hills around,
See the railways rushing
Over, under ground;
See our noble harbor
Bearing mighty ships,
See the sky we cannot
With the smoke eclipse
From the mighty chimneys,
Telling tales of power—
Wealth, the meed of labor,
Wealth, the toiler's dower.



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## *OUR FUTURE.*

Everywhere our churches
  Everywhere our schools,
Learning and religion
  Making all the rules.
Vanished jail and court-house,
  Hospital and pain,
Done with all elections—
  Hail the golden reign!

Freight on freight of iron,
  Copper, silver, gold,
All our mineral wealth become
  More than can be told;
Borne on railways flashing
  Through our wildest woods,
Nothing lone or sacred
  Commerce e'er includes.
Dashing through rich sheep-farms,
  Where wild deer once ran,
Stopping at the stations
  Named by the red man;
Steam mills grinding, grinding
  Wealth of golden grain,
And harvest-home resounding
  Over hill and plain;
Sea and river yielding
  Riches as of yore,
Now the wealth is mutual,
  Wedded sea and shore.



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## *OUR FUTURE.*

Many a mansion rising
  In a lordly wood,
Like a dream of beauty
  Scarcely understood;
Parks and public places
  Beautiful to see,
Girdling all our cities
  In the bright "To Be."
Not a drop of poison
  Throughout all the land—
Prohibition left it
  Far too weak to stand.
Vanished sin and sorrow,
  Poverty and pain,
Done with all elections,
  Hail the golden reign!



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## CHRISTMAS.

Low swept the wondrous star,
O'er Orient fields afar,
And led the seeking kings to where He lay;
The Lord of life and light,
In lowliest mortal plight,
Cradled amid the sweetly-scented hay.

Exchanged for heaven His home,
He chose no palace dome,
And yet those Orient kings proclaimed Him King.
They worshipped Him as Lord,
As God supreme adored,
Not as to earthly peer the gifts they bring.

The shepherds in affright
Beheld a wondrous light,
God's angel with good news allayed their fear;



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Messiah promised long
In seer and Psalmist's song,
Stood heaven-proclaimed by angel voices clear.

Saviour alike of all,
King, shepherd, great and small;
Only the sinless could for sin atone;
And so the King above,
Pure, holy, full of love,
Came down to die for sin—sin not His own.

What wonder we should raise
Our loftiest hymns of praise,
And keep with sacred joy this Christmas day!
What wonder earthly grief
Through Him should find relief,
And like the snow in summer pass away!

Hail, blessed Christmas morn,
On which our Lord was born!
We want more love and loyalty to Him,
Who paid our ransom down,
A kingdom and a crown—
Our love should soar beyond the Seraphim.



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## THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

THERE was work in the Master's vineyard
From the dimmest dawn of day,
And the laborers had hasted early
Determined to earn full pay:
And the Master rejoiced him greatly
At the faithful work they had done—
Through the weary day they had labored,
And their wage was honestly won.

But, just as the sun was setting,
A weary one stood at the door,
And gazed most earnestly inward;
He was old and footsore and poor.
And the Master required the reason
He had idly spent his day,
And patiently listening, waited
To hear what he had to say.



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## *THE ELEVENTH HOUR.*

We may not know what his answer,
  But the Master read in his look
All the depth of the deep repentance
  His sorrowful soul that shook:
And He opened the door of the vineyard,
  And at the close of the day
He gave the eleventh-hour worker
  In full a laborer's pay.

O blessed Master and Saviour,
  Who seest and knowest our frame,
We rejoice in the grace and goodness
  That crowneth Thy blessed name;
Rejoice in Thy riches of glory,
  Supplying the penitent's need;
Thou who seeth the heart and accepteth
  In a moment the will for the deed.

And who dare be murmurers, Master?
  For was it not all Thine own,
Purchased at infinite ransom,
  Dear Saviour, Thy ransom alone?
No matter how vile the sinner,
  Repenting his error and sin,
Thine infinite sacrifice, Saviour,
  Permits all "who will" to come in.

O Saviour, strengthen our faith
  In Thy infinite love and power,
Till the highest, holiest trust
  Is felt in the darkest hour.



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## A PLEA FOR OUR SONG BIRDS.

HUSH the glad song in richest notes outpoured
From copse and hedge, the free bird's roundelay,
Gladness and joy unbought, unencored,
In rapturous strains repeated day by day;
A wealth of melody, a poet's song,
A life-long pleasure, charming grave and gay?
Rather, sweet birds, we would your lays prolong,
And make your life one joyous holiday.

. . . . . .

O gentle woman, beautiful and fair,
Refined and tender, must we cry, "Beware?"
And shrink in touching pity from the sin
Of silencing by shot or snare or gin
Our soul-inspiring song-birds? Fashion's ways
Too cruel are when such as those she slays
To decorate a thoughtless woman's head
At such a price, a songster still and dead!
O women, sisters, wear not head or wing
Of daintiest feathered creatures that can sing,
But thank your great Creator; His rich store
Of woodland warblers you will never more
Be tempted to destroy to please the eye,
But let the cruel fashion, crushed out, die!



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## IN MEMORY OF E—— B——.

*A Leader of sacred song.*

THOU knowest, Lord, the burden
Thy servant had to bear,
In childhood, youth, and manhood,
The suffering and the care;
And Thou alone couldst compass
The sensitive distress,
Ere nature humbly bowed to grace—
Nor wished that suffering less.

His soul a gem whose lustre
No setting could deform;
His voice, born of the spirit
That rose above the storm.
Though many prized his goodness,
Unselfishness, and worth,
Few knew the innate heroism
His daily life called forth.



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## *IN MEMORY OF E—— B——.*

His patient, calm endurance,
  His open scorn of wrong,
His zeal to serve the erring
  With pen and tongue so strong;
His voice in prayer and praising,
  Whilst power to speak was given,
In reverent love and worship
  Anticipating Heaven.

O rapture of enjoyment
  When, snapt earth's galling chain,
His soul, redeemed and glorified,
  Takes up the heaven-born strain,
Recounting 'mid his rapture
  Earth's trials one by one,
Trials that made his heaven more sweet,
  Greater his victory won.

. . . . . .

Lo, the cumbrous clay has dropped to earth;
  The glorified immortal,
Etherealized, has passed from view,
  Within the heavenly portal.



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## ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

FORTH with the morn from Gilgal rose
The prophet of the Lord,
The mighty Tishbite, he who seemed
An echo of God's word:
He steps out on a stormy scene,
Unheard of and unknown;
A fierce, wild man, he hurls at once
Defiance at the throne!
"Thus saith the Lord!"—and words of doom
Rush out to meet the King;
No trembling, weighing the result,
Such messages might bring.
The monster monarch Ahab far
All baser men surpassed—
Elijah thought he stood alone,
Of all God's prophets last.
By fire and sword in every place
God's standard-bearers fell,
And Baal's priests and Baal ruled
Supreme in Israel.



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Scorning the luxuries of earth,
Scorning its ease and rest,
He stood upon the mountain height
In coarsest raiment drest.
A madman thus to stand alone,
Against such fearful odds,
As men might judge—Elijah knew
A mightier power was God's.
Like mighty tidal-wave he swept
On whirlwind o'er the land,
With garments girt, waiting to do
Whate'er was God's command.
Unquestioning of time or place,
God spake, and it was done;
As warrior brave, as servant true,
Obedient as a son;
Clad in God's armor there he stood,
A man invincible!
'Gainst all the might of Israel's power,
Ahab and Jezebel.

And now at last his work was done,
And his successor found—
Elisha, who would follow fain
To see the victor crowned.
Changeless as ever to the end,
He still would be alone—
Not even Elisha, upon whom
His mantle had been thrown.



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He wished to witness what the Lord
Had called him to receive;
At Gilgal, Bethel, Jericho,
He fain his friend would leave.
So gentle, yet so firm and strong,
Elisha's purpose proved,—
We hear his solemn vow he ne'er
Would leave his friend beloved.
On, on to Jordan's banks they go,
But how that river cross?
Faith, mighty faith—who trusts in God
Can never suffer loss!

Elijah's folded mantle strikes
The Jordan's waves asunder,
And these two prophets pass dry-shod,
With neither doubt nor wonder;
In peaceful, holy converse pass,
Till, through the riven heaven,
In matchless, glorious state appears
A fiery chariot driven
With fiery horses—quick as thought
The loving friends are parted,
Elijah heavenward; but on earth
Elisha, broken-hearted,

"My father, O my father!" cries
With sudden sense of woe;
"Oh, Israel's chariot horsemen gone,
And I alone below!"



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But Faith's keen eye his master's caught,
And as his mantle fell
He seized it with such rapturous joy
No mortal tongue may tell:
The promised double portion given
Of all Elijah's power,
And with his mantle wrapped around,
He triumphed from that hour.

O blessed Love, stronger than Death,
Thy mighty power we own;
And praise our God for Love's great gift,
Mightier than crown or throne.
It never seeks a resting-place,
But goes on to the end,
And blest rewarding, often sees
The loved redeemed ascend;
And with the loved redeemed have they
Not seemed to enter heaven?
And, oh, what transports of delight
To their 'rapt souls been given!

The grief, the loss, the sorrow that
They thought they ne'er could bear,
Forgotten as they ne'er had been,
And they have trod on air.
Cling close in death to saintly ones,
In faith and hope and love,
And you may see through gates ajar
Their heavenly home above.



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## TO HIS HONOR JUDGE PROWSE.

(*The Historian of Newfoundland.*)

RESEARCH and patience, unaffected thought,
What pleasant lore together have ye brought!
Prowse makes his heroes live, and life-like stand,
Since fearless Cabot trod our Newfoundland;
Raleigh and Gilbert meet us face to face,
So simply brave, yet with such courtly grace,
Loyal and true alike to God and Queen,
We mourn their fate, not what it should have been.
As down each glowing page we raptured glance,
We feel the charm and glamor of romance.
Sure ne'er was history clothed in happier guise
To charm the child, and wiser make the wise;
God speed the Book and Author; may theirs be
A future famous both sides of the sea.



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## IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF DR. McKEN.

Oh, tenderly and lovingly we gaze upon thee now;
Thy kindling eye is closed in death, and passionless thy brow;
The fire of genius lights no more that wondrous speaking face,
The busy brain is still for aye that with the world kept pace.

The eagle eye, the skilful hand, the brave, yet tender heart,
How will we miss thee, friend beloved, how mourn with thee to part!
Thy very presence seemed to soothe the dying and distrest,
And peace and joy and comfort brought to many a weary breast.



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## A SEQUEL TO THE "OLD HOMESTEAD."

1897.

My dear old friend of the Homestead here
Has left for the Home on high;
And the harpers harped and the joy-bells rang
As his travelling guide drew nigh.

For his soul was not set on his earthly home,
Though he loved and held it dear,
But he lived for a fairer unending one
In a higher and holier sphere.

The Master had come in His tender way,
And loosened each earthly tie,
As his loved ones passed over, one by one,
To the mansions prepared on high.



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And gravely and sweetly he said he had laid
  Each dear one down in the dust,
Just as he planted the seed in the earth,
  In sure and certain trust;

Knowing well that the Sun of Righteousness,
  With resurrection power,
Would raise each loved form to life again
  As He brings from the seed the flower.

And still, with his Heavenly Home in view,
  He loved the old Homestead well,
And rejoiced in the leaves and flowers that woke
  'Neath the spring's entrancing spell.

And he sat through that last sweet summer each day
  'Neath the cool veranda's shade,
Where the sun and the breeze in harmony
  Through the quivering branches played.

And he joined in the songs of the "Better Land,"
  And sweetly communed with his King,
Till his loved ones were not at all amazed
  When he heard the angels sing.

For his Master knew how he loved his own,
  How his own returned that love,
And the Comforter came and gladdened his heart
  With peace from Heaven above.



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So the gentle soul that had passed through life
  Half wishing his good unknown,
Was honored by visions of shining ones
  Sent down by the King on His throne.

How his raptured glance turned away from earth
  And the living loved by his side
To the sainted ones, who in death seemed near,
  Who had long since crossed its tide!

Yet this wealth of love in earth and heaven
  Could never his soul enthral,
As with clasped hands raised, he fervently cried,
  "All dear! but Christ above all!"

So he passed away from this weary world,
  With its sin and sorrow and strife;
So he passed away from his happy home,
  With its gladness and joy and life.

And he sings the new song and 'tis "Christ above all,"
  The song he essayed upon earth,
The song the ransomed alone may sing,
  The redeeméd of earthly birth.

And I think Heaven's evergreen trees and flowers
  Are dearer by far to him
Than the golden streets, and the pearly gates,
  And the gems that never grow dim.



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## ARMENIA.

WAR ! alas, we know 'tis fearful,
All its horrors shake the world,
But can Christians hear Armenia
And remain with banners furled?
Have the knightly souled Crusaders
Left none worthy of their name?
Are the "heirs of all the ages,"
Christian-cultured, free from blame?

Ah, the days when England's good sword
Leaped unscabbarded at wrong,
If the wrong were poor and needy,
And the oppressor proud and strong!
England, with God's open Bible,
Thou thy neighbor knowest well;
And Armenia, wounded, dying,
Crying, "Help!" lies where she fell.



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## *ARMENIA.*

Hasten, hasten, hear them wailing!
Little children, women, men,
Tongues in terror shrink from telling
Tales that would defile the pen.
All the chill, unspoken horror
That the Moslem can devise
Falls upon these helpless Christians,
While we gaze with open eyes.

Cultured countries, Christian countries,
Can you not unite as one?
Come, the world's young strong Republic,
Come, Columbia, lead them on!
Clasp your hands with Mother England,
Crush the cruel Moslem's pride,
And united free the Christians;
God and right are on your side.



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## OUR PAST.

FAREWELL, a loving, long farewell,
Dear dreams of youth, beloved past,
Our cloud-capt towers where love shall dwell
Above time's stern dissolving blast.
Sweet shrines where hallowed forms are set,
Fair forms untouched by change or chance,
While memory lives we claim ye yet,
Though dim through tears you meet our glance.

Yes, ye are ours, we see once more,
Love lit, our earliest childhood's morn;
No thoughts inspired by fabled lore,
No poet's dreams of fancy born;
But warm with life ye breathe and glow,
A real perfect presence still;
Uncalled ye come where'er we go—
Memory, that mocks the painter's skill.



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## *EPITAPH OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.*

Lifelike in every phase and turn,
  That none on earth may know save we,
What marvel love like ours should yearn
  O'er what no loveless eyes could see!
The lips that ever moved to bless,
  Fraught with a depth of love untold,
The hands whose touch was a caress,
  They never, never can grow old,
Or change, or fade, or pass away;
  Immortal, they survive the tomb,
Defy the touch that stamps decay,
  And live when stars are quenched in gloom.

## EPITAPH ON AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

From morn till eve
  Life's work well done,
She sleeps in Christ
  At set of sun.



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## REVELATION.

We are waiting Thy coming, the ecstasy given,
Dear Lord, e'er Thou takest a loved one to Heaven ;
It falls like a glory and thrills through us now,
As if Heaven's palm and crown filled each hand, decked each brow.
More than that, more than all, what is palm branch or crown
Compared with the joy when the Master comes down ?
With the light of His love, and His grandeur and grace
So sweetly assuring we gaze on His face ;
No need of the veil, 'tis the Human-Divine,
And we cry in our rapture, " This Saviour is mine ! "
And, O joy, we can see Him and touch Him and live
In the rapture no other save Jesus can give !
Dear Saviour, dear Saviour, compassionate still,
As Thou wert to the weary on Galilee's hill,
Thou did'st look on our hearts with their burden of woe,
And swept it away with Thy love's overflow :
All the sighing and sorrow and suffering is o'er,
As the loved one is nearing the ever-blest shore,
And our poor selfish sorrow has passed out of sight—
See the morning is breaking all radiant with light !
The glory transcendent breaks bright on our gaze,
And we walk in the light with the " Ancient of Days."
Our beloved one has joined in that wondrous new song,
And we catch the sweet notes of the voice we loved long,
" To the Lamb who redeemed us from death sing again,
Hallelujah, Salvation, Amen and Amen ! "



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## TERRA NOVA.

Rose, Shamrock and Thistle are wreathed for our Queen,
We must cull from our wild flowers some tribute, I ween,
And what shall it be? The Rhodora is fair,
The Kalmia is wondrously lovely and rare,
And we've Orchids with perfume as soothing as balm,
As we roam by our lakes in the summer's sweet calm;
And I sigh, in my lack of the botanist's lore,
To tell all the wealth our wild-woods have in store.

O the daintiest blooms, which as yet have no name,
Are waiting to make some new botanist's fame—
Some kindly explorer whose soul and whose eye
Could the wealth of our land and our Flora descry;
With the zeal which explorers to minerals give
He might honestly tell to the world how we live;
Tell of rivers and mountains, lake, forest, and field,
And the riches and charms which our country can yield.

How our winters for grandeur in snow-laden storms
Surpass all the tales told in weirdest of forms;
And our Frost King, oh, would I could bring to your view
A tithe of the feats our great Frost King can do!
He can bind up our rivers and lakes with his breath,
And with crystal and pearl can give beauty to death.



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Our cliff sides through glaciers and icicles seen
Seem in Winter more fair than in Summer's sweet green.

But our Winter's great charm and our Frost King's great feat
Is the rare "Silver thaw," Winter's triumph complete,
When the whole land is deluged with soft-falling rain,
And the Frost King, indignant, his sway would regain.
Then he breathes on old ruins and trees, and, behold!
There is nothing around that is common or old:
Pearl and crystal envelop blade, leaflet, and tree,
Till the humblest of homesteads a palace might be.

Transformed by a touch nothing less than divine,
When through morning's deep azure the sunbeams first shine;
And the ice crystal's sheen flashes diamond and gem,
As the radiance falls gleaming and flashing on them,
So dazzlingly bright. Oh, how weak and how faint
Are the words which its wonderful glories would paint!
We sigh in despair for the language to come,
And what marvel? We see it, and, lo, we are dumb!

. . . . . .

And is this my fair chaplet of fair summer flowers?
We're embarrassed with wealth in this new land of ours:
Earth has nothing more fair than our rich Summer green;
Earth has nothing more grand than our wild Winter's scene.
As we dream of them both in their beauty so rare
We feel the Sublime and the Beautiful there!
And with Summer so sweet, and with Winter so grand,
We have pride and delight in our own Newfoundland.



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## THE CRY OF THE CABMEN.

Out in the summer heat,
When the sun beats on the street,
In clouds of dust the whole day long we stand;
Do you wonder that we shrink
From that strong temptation drink,
That foe to what we need, a steady hand?

Out in the frost and snow,
Where the fierce north-easters blow,
Unsheltered and exposed, kind friends, are we;
Whilst you watch the glorious storm
Into wreaths fantastic form,
With the rapture we poor Cabmen never see.

You watch the tempest sweep
Into graceful forms the heap,
Upraising slowly castle, tower, and fane;
The mightiest Master hand,
Has formed the snowdrift grand,
And you see it melt away with perfect pain.



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Now for all such things to please,
The soul must sit at ease;
'Tis the restful body gives the soul its rest;
For all things that refine
Bring him nearer the divine,
And the soul divine expands within his breast.

We know you sympathize—
Now would it not be wise
To give your sympathy a living form?
A shelter and a seat,
In summer from the heat,
In winter from the snowdrift and the storm.

It is not want of thought,
For hearts with feeling fraught
Have often felt distressed to see our plight;
So we now prefer our plea,
And already we can see
The morning star of hope steal o'er our night.

. . . . . .

ANSWER.

And, men and brothers, we
Mark how selfish we can be,
And kind hearts are planning now what can be done
For your comfort and your care—
Don't you feel it in the air?
Pray God speed the kindly workers every one.



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## THE TORN TRACT.

"HAVE a paper?" "Thank you, sir—
A ballad, did you say?"
One glance; the silent messenger
Was torn and cast away.

Troubled and sad, the giver raised
His heart to God in prayer;
His faith prevailed, "Father," he said,
"Thou hast it in Thy care;"

"Make that torn tract a blessing, Lord,
'Twas given in Thy name:"
The Master made the trust-gift good—
Hear what the tract became!



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## *THE TORN TRACT.*

A thoughtless clever youth caught up
A fragment in the air,
The word of God constraining man
His Gospel to declare:

"Go into all the world," it said,
"Bear the good news abroad";
"I take," he said, "the message
As a special one from God."

And swift as thought the word was done;
No message sent with care
Went surer to the Master's mark
Than the torn tract in the air.

He went where heathen nations lay
In nature's darkest night,
And shed abroad the glorious ray
Of gladdening Gospel light.

And who may tell the joy in Heaven
Repenting sinners gave—
The sin-sick souls, the weary ones,
That Jesus died to save?

And who may tell what unknown good,
Through ages yet to come,
What wanderers from their Father's house
That message may bring home?



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## *THE TORN TRACT.*

Go forth in high and holy trust,
  Nor doubt, much less despair;
Creation's "Word" is Christ the Lord,
  He ruleth everywhere.

Be thou His faithful messenger,
  Leave the result with Him
Who counts the soul of humblest man
  Dear as the Cherubim.

Man's wrath shall praise Him—that torn tract
  His messenger was still;
'Twas given in faith, given in His name,
  And so performed His will.



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## ON A PAINTING FROM A FRIEND.

(A BIT OF CORNISH COAST.)

I SEE it all in morn's first blush,
  The grand wild rocks, the peaceful sea,
The rising sun's first rays that flush
  With light and lustre gloriously;
The seaweed clinging to the shore,
  Softening, love-like, the rock's stern face;
The more I look it grows the more
  In power and beauty, strength and grace.
Your generous gift has touched my heart;
  I prize it for the love it shows;
Would that my thanks I could impart
  In colors half as fair as those!



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## DUNLUCE ONCE MORE.

O FAIR old home! O dear old home!
Home with the true heart-rest,
Where we live the blessed past again
With all we loved the best.
I say the words all solemnly,
"With all we loved the best;"
They're with us still, aye, come what will,
All blessing and all blest.

Our living loved are not more near
Than those who've crossed the river;
Grand Faith and Hope wave memory's wand,
And they are with us ever.
We hail the self-same springtime flowers,
We hear the same birds' song,
We watch the bees beneath the trees;
To us they all belong.



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We guide with steady step and slow
  The aged and the weak;
As in the blessed long ago
  We hear the words they speak.
Still unto us all real,
  Our loved ones have no ghost;
We never fear when they come near,
  All fear in love is lost.

. . . . . .

But all our memories are not sad—
  Methinks I hear to-day
The shout and song and ringing cheer
  Of children in their play!
How musical their merriment
  As down the fields they rush,
In childhood's glee, careless and free,
  Their faces all aflush!

And, oh, the true and loving hearts
  That met around our board—
They are not dead! They're with us still,
  Though some have crossed the ford.
We join their songs of earth and Heaven,
  We bow with them in prayer,
And not one kind or faithful heart
  Is ever absent there.

And, blessed thought, how comforting!
  The false drop out from view,



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Forgot as though they had not been,
  Their faults and faces, too.
Even so in Heaven shall it be,
  None but the good survive,
'Tis memory makes our Heaven below,
  And shall, while still we live.

And when we, too, shall cross the flood,
  And reach Heaven through God's grace,
Dost thou not think earth's loved, redeemed,
  Shall meet us face to face?
Thinkest thou not our loved on earth
  In home, in Heaven, shall gather,
With all earth's love new sanctified
  By Spirit, Son and Father?



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## AN EPISODE OF THE GAMBO.

It stood in a glorious woodland, a Miller's house and Mill;
A charming river curved and rolled round many a rock and hill,
Dallied and played with the flowers that grew wild on its grassy brink,
Then swept till it slept in shadowy pools where patient cattle drink.
Yet ever onward, with tireless pace, its steady course it kept,
So calm and deep it seemed half asleep till it came where a hill down swept;
Then over the ledges and rocks it dashed till it thundering fell below
Where the Miller's skill had placed the Mill to receive the overflow.



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Long years before the Miller had searched for a spot to build a home,
And had followed the course of the river till it dashed o'er a ledge in foam;
There he stood for a moment, spell-enchained at its possibilities,
At the wealth of the grand environment of river and rocks and trees;
Then, quick as thought, the Miller beheld in the turgid woodland stream
The centre and scene of a future home, the setting for "Love's young dream";
And thither he brought his treasure when his Mill and his house were made,
And peace and joy and blessing came to the Miller and with him stayed.

Then there came merry songs and laughter, and voices low and sweet,
And care and anxious watching lest reckless little feet
Might ever be tempted to wander where hidden danger lay;
Yet with all the care there was pleasure far above what words could say.
So days and weeks and months passed by, and still the golden grain
Came pouring in like sunshine glad, and life was a joyous reign.
But, alas, for all life comes an ending, and one summer came hot and dry,



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The air was stifling and sultry, and cloudless the sun-struck sky;
Then moaned the idle Miller, as he gazed at his motionless wheel,
"I think if all the floods were out I should not feel as I feel."

. . . . . .

Alas, impatient Miller! The floods rushed out full soon,
And 'mid lightning, thunder, and tempest, the Mill was gone ere noon.
The very banks of the river were torn away with rush and rout,
And not a vestige of wreckage of his treasure lay about.
But with joy he saw his cottage still safe on the grassy hill,
Still safe dear wife and children—with these he could spare the Mill.

When the storm-tossed flood abated, what a sight did his eyes behold—
The bare-laid rocks of the river all shining and gleaming with gold!
And what seemed the greatest misfortune turned out the greatest good—
A bonanza lay on the surface where the Gambo Mill once stood.

. . . . . .

And we learn a lesson of trust
In the Providence that brings
The fairest flowers from the dust,
And joy from the saddest things.



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## TO THE OLD YEAR.

Poor dear old year, we are richer by far
For the wealth you have laid at our feet,
Though we tread on the dust we can gaze on the star,
And will sing though with song incomplete.

We are richer wherever a look or a word
Has gladdened a sorrowful heart,
Where'er life's Bethesda by us has been stirred,
And suffering induced to depart.

Wherever a song takes the place of a sigh,
Where a smile takes the place of a tear;
Though the deed should be only recorded on high,
In our hearts shall be joy, never fear.



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And the joy shall well up to our lips in a song,
A song of most musical chime,
As we gather the flowers that have fallen along
In the pathway of old Father Time.

And fragrant and fair we must own they have been,
Not strewn with a niggardly hand,
Uncrushed and unsoiled they have fallen, I ween,
To be gathered wherever we stand.

To be gathered, fair treasures of mercy and love,
Immortelles from the year that has flown,
Like hope, blessed hope, pointing ever above,
Where sorrow and death are unknown.

And though all must suffer, the peasant, the queen,
(Poor Queen, how her heart has been torn !)
God comfort her now for her sympathy seen,
Wherever woe's symbols are worn.

From her womanly heart gushes out, full and free,
Her message of love the world o'er,
To the crushed in the mine, to the wrecked on the sea,
To the plague-stricken Ind's distant shore.

And to-night, in the midst of our thanksgiving song,
We rejoice He has said, "Inasmuch,"
As she succored the sufferers to Him who belong,
She shall share in His mercy to such.



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## ST. JOHN RIVER.

Oh, stately river of St. John,
In fair young maiden beauty,
As mortals steal thy banks along,
Why, loving seems a duty!
The fresh young life, the happy air,
No grayness and no sadness,
Where painted gables gleam and glow,
Through crimson wreaths of gladness.

The maples burn, the birches flash,
The river laughs and gushes,
And here and there o'erflows its banks
Of sedge and willow bushes,
To sweep defiantly at will
O'er meadow-lands and valleys,
Now landing high and dry small sloops
To mark its pleasant sallies.



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Here sweetest homes, with noble grounds,
  Greet every bend and turning,
So full of life's best restfulness,
  No mournful backward yearning;
Each sudden change a swift delight,
  A church, a spire, a steeple,
A mill with all its works astir
  With busy, happy people.

A mill like that at Nashwaaks is
  Set in such grand surrounding,
With hill and dale, river and wood,
  And sunshine all abounding:
And not all self the object here,
  For, blessed be the master,
Quick as the prosperous works drive on,
  Drives care for comfort faster.

And cosy cottages, men's homes,
  Warm brick 'mid woodland glowing,
Rich cedar-wood and plumy pine,
  In soft luxriance growing.
God speed the mill, and save the hands,
  And prosper well the owner,
The uncrowned King of all that land,
  The poor man's greatest donor!

O men ambitious of a name,
  For monumental glory,
Emulate Irish Gibson's fame,
  And take your place in story



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You'll find that giving willing hands
Well paid and sure employment,
Yields more than pageantry or pomp,
In solid, sweet enjoyment.

See overlooking all this scene,
Like radiant crown of glory,
Stands God's own house, fairest of all,
Like some bright dream in story:
A gem of art, a poem in wood,
'Tis joy to look upon it;
Elaborate in each detail,
And finished as a sonnet.

The only fault a critic saw,
And pointed out in duty,
Was that its organ hid from view
A window rare in beauty;
But when that organ swells and peals
A holier light surrounds it,
And all the sunlight from without
Through brightest hues has found it.

I've lost the river in my joy
To see the poor provided,
But learn that human ties are strong,
And may not be divided;
And with that river's matchless sweep,
Its never-dying beauty,
Still side by side sweet Marysville
Shall stand and speak for duty.



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## ON THE DEATH OF A SUFFERING SAINT.

At rest! at peace! at home for evermore!
And dare you mourn the loved one gone before?
That dear, frail body with its care and pain,
Burdening the soul redeemed with clog and chain,
Forever left behind, and that sweet soul,
Immortal, glorified, attained its goal.
And such a goal, transcending word or thought!
We know its value at the price 'twas bought,
Our Saviour's sacrifice. Nor word, nor pen,
Not even Paul inspired, nor John's rapt ken,
Can to our minds convey that glorious place,
That home where she has entered by God's grace,
And 'midst veiled seraphs and bright cherubim
Sings that new song which they can never hymn,
And in that rapturous joy, unknown to time,
Awaits earth's loved ones in that changeless clime
Where cycles, centuries and ages seem
Like the swift passing of a moment's dream,
And where we, too, if faithful, shall appear,
And know the why and wherefore unknown here.



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## A SONG OF OUR OWN LAND.

I SING a song of our own land,
Our own land, our own land;
I sing a song of our own land,
This rock-bound isle of the sea;
Our own land, our Newfoundland,
As dear as loved Erin to me.

There are milder climes, not bluer skies;
There are rarer flowers, I grant;
There are stately castles and lordly homes,
Which ambitious souls may want;
But the cottage-home, with the simple porch,
And its windows bright with flowers,
Or the low veranda running round,
With its arches wreathed like bowers,
Is as full of pleasure and peaceful joy
As the palace in summer lands,
Is as much—nay, oft more, a home of the heart—
As the home in a park that stands.



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## *A SONG OF OUR OWN LAND.*

I sing a song of our own land,
Our own land, our own land;
I sing a song of our own land,
This rock-bound isle of the sea;
Our own land, our Newfoundland,
As dear as loved Erin to me.

There are hearts as warm as the hearts that beat
In the "Emerald Isle" of the sea,
And a loving heart is better than gold,
For love is of high degree.
A loving heart is better than gold,
For 'tis warm in the coldest clime,
And forever around it we feel as if
The holiest joy-bells chime.
And it lives throughout eternity,
And blesses and still is blest,
And the object beloved of a loving heart
Is ever among the blest.

So I sing a song of our own land,
Our own land, our own land;
I sing a song of our own land,
This rock-bound isle of the sea;
Our own land, our Newfoundland,
As dear as loved Erin to me.



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## ENOCH.

"And he was not, for God took him."—GENESIS v. 24.

STATELY and solemn ever,
He dreamed not that there came
Forth from the Master's presence
That messenger of flame;
Dimmed eye, dulled ear failed to convey
One sight or sound of dread,
That fiery chariot raised to life
What mortals here called dead!

"He was not, for God took him":
The risen body gave
The ransomed soul at once to God;
That body knew no grave.
"He was not, for God took him,"
But he had walked with God,



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And rose immortal to behold
The earth that once he trod.

On earth that soul aspiring
To God gave all his best,
Until the Master called him
To his eternal rest;
Called him by swift transition,
No sighs, no tears, no woe,
Deathless, the embodied soul caught up
To Heaven from earth below.

Blest, glorified, immortal,
Enrobed as God saw right,
He stood before the Great White Throne
In heavenly garments bright;
Our blessed Lord and Master here
O'er death proclaimed His power,
And conqueror over death He still
Appoints his way and hour.

He knows what most is needed,
What most His saints require;
And to His loving servants
He says, "Now come up higher!"
And we may never dream on earth
The glorious vision given
When God's translated servants reach
The wished-for home in Heaven!



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The meeting, the rejoicing,
With loved ones gone before,
The glad triumphant songs that sweep
Along the golden shore;
The spirit freed from all the chains
That held it down on earth,
Rejoicing in the eternal joy
Of all that heavenly mirth.

Ten thousand times ten thousand—
But earthly figures fail
To count the countless harps of Heaven,
That tell that wondrous tale;
But when we reach that glory-land,
To us it may be given
To hear from Enoch's saintly lips
His first glad glimpse of heaven.

Oh, what humiliation
We then shall feel and know,
To learn what we called sudden death
Was but a phrase below!
And that the rapture kindled
By God's appointed way
Surpassed our knowledge, and we learned
To enjoy is to obey;
And walking with our Father God,
Rely upon Him still,
And let Him take us home to Heaven
Whatever way He will.



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## HOME.

Our loving Father leaves us free,
  Endowed with sense and knowledge,
To choose on earth a place to be
  For Heaven a fitting college.

We shrine our rarest treasures there,
  Our wealth, our fame, our honor,
And grateful hearts return with care
  Due praises to the Donor.

It may be in a palace grand,
  With lofty trees o'ershaded,
Or lowliest cot in all the land,
  Made fair with flowers unfaded.



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But Faith must have her dwelling there,
And neither fear nor falter,
In high and holy trust to rear
Within that Home her altar.

Glad Hope must burn and beam and glow,
And warm and cheer the dwelling,
The grace mankind delights to know
Her charms forever telling.

But sweetest, dearest grace of all,
Like atmosphere enfolding,
Sweet Charity in loving thrall
Must have them all in holding.

Sweet Charity, or, sweeter name,
Dear Love, as we may call her,
Oh, what to Home were wealth or fame
Should evil e'er befall her!

Not in a hostelry we make
A Home, with all such graces,
But soul and body both must take
In slippered ease their places.

And Faith and Hope and Love will draw
To Home with fond attraction,
And sin will stand aside in awe
To see such force in action.



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## *HOME.*

The tempter lures the soul away
From Home as well as Heaven,
The prodigal to sin must stray
Far from the home-roof driven.

The cup of Circe fails to charm
The soul with home-love glowing—
The shield, that God has given to arm,
'Gainst darts of Satan's throwing;

A silver shield, and pure its glow,
Like moonlight rare and tender,
Which bathes all meaner things below
In floods of softened splendor.

Fair shield, beneath thy radiant sheen
Things lowliest wax divinest,
Whilst thou dost guard the soul serene,
Thou blessest where thou shinest.



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## FOR MABEL'S ALBUM.

I FEAR me much, O maiden fair,
That only youth and love should sing
From out young hearts that know no care,
Where joy is a perennial spring.

And I—well, life is well-nigh past—
I knew thy mother, such as thou,
And loved her ere life's cares had cast
A single shadow o'er her brow.

And she was young, is younger still
In fair young daughters by her side,
Who all her days with pleasure fill,
At once her care, her hope, her pride.

God bless thee, maiden; may thy life
Be rich in peace and love and joy,
Down to old age with mercies rife,
Till Earth gives place to Heaven's employ.



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## TOPSAIL.

PAST flashing lake, through wood and wild,
By humble home and cosy cot,
We left the city smoke-defiled
For this sweet spot;

This sweetest spot, where dreaming lie
In sunlit glory isles so fair
That morn and evening's splendors vie
In beauty rare;

So simply grand in storm or calm,
We scarce know which we love the best;
On careworn souls comes down like balm
Its perfect rest.

Beyond the bounds of lone Belle Isle
We see afar Conception Bay
In softened hazy beauty smile
Out "far away."



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## *TOPSAIL.*

That noble headland to the east,
  In glorious, glowing, glimmering haze,
The Atlantic billows foam like yeast
    Around its base!

From age to age, since Hand Divine
  Has set the hungry sea its bounds,
It vainly strives to undermine
    What it surrounds.

Serene and calm, the rooted rock
  Flings back the breakers from its shore,
To sweep with heavier swell and shock,
    And futile roar.

'Neath sheltering arms of noble hills,
  Verdant with ash and birch and fir,
And flashing with unnumbered rills,
    In ceaseless stir;

And carpeted with daintiest moss,
  And hung with thousand trailing vines,
And wild-flowers' fragrance—some count loss—
    No art confines.

Farewell, sweet spot, a sad farewell!
  Unchanged, unchanging, year by year,
Fond memory ne'er can on you dwell
    Without a tear.



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## ON THE DEATH OF A SWEET SINGER.

SWEET song all hushed and over,
That held in 'raptured thrall,
With its passion and its power,
Its hearers great and small!
How they stilled their very breathing,
Lest they miss one whispered note,
And trembled with emotion
As they heard it upward float.

Oh, mother, sadly sorrowing,
What, what can comfort you?
She was your stay, your comfort,
Your daughter, leal and true.
The world drank in, enraptured,
The solace of her song,
You were her inspiration,
In your love she was strong.

Oh, vain seem words to cheer you!
Here silence suits us best;
God comfort you and keep you
Until He gives you rest
Where you again shall hear her,
And know, amid that throng
Ten thousand times ten thousand,
Her voice in that new song.



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## CHRISTMAS.

It comes, the merry Christmas,
  And our single sorrows cease;
For joy is in the whole world,
  And the whole world's anthem Peace.
For sin there came a Saviour,
  For despair there came delight,
And we chant Christ's birthday welcome
  In the angels' song that night.

No wonder we have gladness,
  When Heaven sang songs to earth,
And the stars were angel-lighted
  To announce His earthly birth;
And Judah's king was trembling
  When the saintly sages came,
Star-led to seek the Kingly One
  Of royal house and name.



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## *CHRISTMAS.*

Of royal house and lineage,
  Yet not where to lay His head;
Of royal house and lineage,
  Yet He slept where oxen fed.
There are Pilates in the palace
  And Herods in the hall,
But the King of kings, our Saviour,
  Lay a babe in Bethlehem's stall.

Is not the world still changeless,
  This gracious Christmas time?
Is Bethlehem's Babe first in our hearts,
  His name in every clime?
Is He not oft forgotten,
  And our friends, beloved and true,
Make up our Christmas happiness,
  Our Saviour lost to view?

And we murmur at the Master,
  For our loved ones who have gone
To spend the happy Christmas
  With the ransomed round the throne.
Forgive us, oh, our Father!
  Disloyal while we sing
The anthem of the angels,
  The anthem of our King.



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## ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN GLOVER.

Oh, say it is not true, our hero gone!
Our Governor twice told, our own Sir John!
Coomassie's hero, famed on flood and field,
The sailor-warrior never known to yield;
As wise in council as in battle brave,
Well won the honors that his country gave!

It seems but yesterday he left our shore.
Alas, our loss—he may return no more!
And what had we to give him? only love,
And that he had all Governors above;
For one sad wail went out from shore to shore,
Our generous, genial Glover is no more.

Surely his country owes him sacred rest,
In that old Minster with her bravest best;
He won that honor bravely with his sword,
In uncongenial clime 'gainst savage horde;
And England's flag droops o'er no braver son
Than our dead Governor, our peerless one.

God help the widowed wife, the orphaned child,
On whom in tenderest love he ever smiled;
If sympathy could soothe or sorrow share,
Then Lady Glover would have none to bear;
For hundred hearts are sorrowing to-day
Who can do naught to comfort her, but pray.



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## A PLEA FOR A SAILORS' HOME.

A SHOAL inside the harbor's mouth,
  Where thousands are cast away,
Where wrecked and crushed, and bruised and dead,
  Lie our sailors in blaze of day;
And our landsmen eat and sleep in peace,
  When they ought to be rearing high
A safety tower, like the Eddystone,
  To proudly flout the sky.

Oh, many a stately ship comes home,
  With mariners brave and true,
Who have nobly battled with wind and wave,
  And never a terror knew;
But with flashing eye and steady hand,
  Each man, with heart of cheer,
Has started to fill each perilous post,
  With the grace of a volunteer;



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Has calmly stood while the lightnings flashed,
And the thunder shook the mast,
Has firmly stood whilst the riven sail
Was swept away with the blast;
Has stood whilst the good ship plunged and strained,
Till she moaned like a thing in pain,
While each whirling wave at her timbers drave,
With the might of the roaring main.

Again, where our coast sweeps grandly on
To ice-bound Labrador,
Through sleet and snow and fettering frost,
Where the waves have a muffled roar,
Comes the crystal ship with her sheath of ice
On hull and rope and spar,
Where the Storm King strove, and strove in vain,
The Frost King to baffle in war.

And the sailor lads, all numb with pain,
Tug vainly at rope and sail,
As stiff and stark they mock their grasp
Unbending before the gale;
Till weary and worn, and coated with frost,
They gain a haven safe,
To be cared for and housed? Ah, no, alas!
To be cast on the street a waif,
To be robbed and ruined, and maddened with drink,
And banned and blighted and spurned!
Our sailors brave, who have fought with the wave,
For gold so hardly earned.



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And our fisherman, too, at the season's close
  Has come for his winter's store,
To gladden his heart with his household gods,
  His summer of toil well o'er;
How he thinks with joy of his winter's eve,
  While the fragrant birch burns bright,
Of the friendly neighbors whose oft-told tale
  Beguiles the tedious night!

How he dreams of his dogs in the bright cold morn,
  Rushing out with their joyous bark,
As if the labor of "hauling wood"
  Was but play 'twixt dawn and dark;
Then back to his home in the grand old wood,
  Where the snow-storm raves in vain,
As it wraps all up warm in its fleecy fold
  Till sweet spring returns again.

'Tis our fall, the autumn of other lands,
  And the snowy slush lies chill;
And tired, and footsore, and weary, he waits
  For his winter's supplies and his bill.
He waits, but where is the cosy home,
  With its comfort, refreshment and rest,
To open its hospitable doors,
  And hail him, a welcome guest?

Alas! it is nowhere: the tavern door
  Must be sought for the demon drink—



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To fire, not warm, the shivering form,
  Till reckless, on ruin's brink,
He reelingly rushes to find his boat,
  Where the harbor lies dim and dark,
And unseen and unheard, between boat and wharf,
  He helplessly misses his mark.

To be found no more, ignobly lost—
  Sad fate for one so brave,
After a life of hardy toil,
  Stern battling with wind and wave;
And the comrade must go to the widowed wife,
  And tell her he comes no more,
And shrink from her wail and her children's cry,
  That haunt him on sea and shore.

Oh, friends, we have borne it too long, too long—
  Now list to humanity's cry!
'Tis more needed than light-house or life-boat, this,
  Then no longer pass us by;
But of your riches remember our need,
  And reach us a helping hand,
To build a Home for our fishermen brave,
  And the sailor lads in our land.



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## TO ALISON.

*(On her Marriage.)*

FLAGS flashing, guns crashing, bells pealing out free,
For the sweet maiden married to-day;
The lassie so loved 'mongst the friends where she moved,
So gentle, so winning, so gay.

Her hair is the sunshine, her eyes are the sky,
Her blush is the morn in the East;
May her life, like herself, be as fair as a dream,
Her content a continual feast.



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## WRITTEN FOR ANNA'S ALBUM.

WHAT is an album meant for but to write
Quaint sayings, loving wishes, axioms trite;
Carefully written just to leave a name,
Without the slightest wish for future fame.
But pause—fair Anna warns you this must be
A book kept sacred for Queen Poesy.
Sit with your finger on your eye, or lip,
And guard your brain lest one choice thought should slip,
And weave all into garlands of sweet words,
To soothe the listening ear like well-struck chords;
Words that may call up to the 'raptured eye
All the rich flowers of this most fair July;
Lilies and roses bursting into bloom,
Hyacinths and rockets laden with perfume;
And meek-eyed pansies, bending richly fraught
With all their serious wealth of loving thought;
And noble lilacs, with their plumy flowers;
Golden laburnums, gracing fairy bowers;



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Cowslips and daisies, loved since childhood's days
For wreaths and chaplets, dearer far than bays;
And then what glorious flowers our woods among,
Fairer than any bard hath ever sung!
Matchless in beauty, waiting but a name
And a good voice to sing them into fame.
White starry flowers and faint pink dancing bells,
Round which a wave of perfume sinks and swells;
Rhodora venturous flowers its leaves before,
And Lauristinas, glossy evermore.
But, really, I've forgotten! Back, sweet dream;
And yet I think sweet flowers this book beseem;
May they surround thy long life to the tomb,
And lend thine Amaranthine bowers perfume.

## TIME.

A DREAM, a flash, a breath,
A moment gone;
Swift as a thought you may not
Dwell upon;
And yet God-given to man,
That he may be
Prepared for God's own great eternity.



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## ETERNITY.

Dread, solemn, stately, one Almighty round,
Described by nothing earthly,
Time unbound,
What can we say of it?
That great unknown;—
Eternity is God's, and God's alone.

## WHAT IS HOME?

EARTH's resting-place heaven given,
Where we can lay
Aside the cares and worries
Of the day,
And loving hearts greet loving eyes
That tell
The world lies outside;
Here 'tis always well.
Its very name a synonym of Heaven,
The Sabbath of the heart whence doubt is driven,
The place emphatically "where we live,"
To which our dearest thoughts and hopes we give,
The place beloved where we would choose to die,
And through God's grace renew in Heaven on high.



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## EMMA ON HER MARRIAGE.

All other maidens fair,
  Step aside for the Bride;
See to-day she has no care,
  Whate'er betide.
Drape her dress, arrange her veil,
  Hand her gloves,
She will show the world to-day
  How she loves.

Not a doubt, not a fear,
  All trustful and sincere;
Bridegroom, see you hold her dear
  All your life.
She leaves all beside for you,
  And the least that you can do
Is return her love for you
  Till death divide.



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## BERTIE.

Not four years old !
And yet a little life all told,
Dear Bertie Ayre !
No poor description, good and fair,
Could give your face,
Your childish grace,
Your thousand little winning ways,
Your wondrous little tales so sweetly given,
Your voice so tuned to sing sweet songs of Heaven,
Your life so full and strong of rich rare health,
'Mid other children peerless for its wealth.

Not four years old !
So soon for Death to leave thee still and cold,
Dear Bertie Ayre !
What prayers and cries and tears for God to spare,



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With all the power that earthly love could give,
Two generations craving thou might'st live;
Yet in submission to His holy will.
His answer touched thee with its "Peace be still;"
Earth's joy and sorrow fading far and dim,
Lost in the glorious burst of Cherubim.

Not four years old!
Oh, selfish souls both blind and bold,
Wishing to chain the immortal soul to earth,
When God his Father gave him heavenly birth,
Touched his dear clay, and winged his soul away
To live forever in the blaze of day;
Not waiting all his loving ones to come—
There is no waiting in that heavenly home;
No past, no future, one eternal Now,
Where God's redeemed in rapturous concert bow,
And to this Angel boy we know 'tis given
To live forever in God's sight in Heaven.



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## SNOW-STORM.

Who can paint it in its beauty,
  In its softness and delight,
With its gleaming pearly whiteness,
  As it breaks upon our sight?
Softly, softly, softly falling,
  As its bridal robe it weaves,
Till our old world stands unrivalled,
  E'en by springtime's flowers and leaves;
For it falls where leaves come never—
  On unsightliness and gloom,
Soft and radiant, fair and lovely,
  Pure as lilies in full bloom.

Covering where the roses come not,
  Charming woodsheds into bowers,
With such wondrous grace and beauty
  That we quite forget the flowers;



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Quite forget the rarest sculpture,
As such forms of grace arise,
Forms that none save the Creator
E'er could fashion or devise :
Fold on fold so softly rounded,
Curving into graceful sweep,
Wreathing huge unsightly houses
Into turret, tower, and keep.

All of purest, daintiest, whitest,—
Marble, fairest of the fair,
Never with our snow-clad mansions
For a moment could compare ;
Never trees in summer splendor,
Clad in emerald green, outshone
All the delicate diamonds flashing
From trees snow-clad in the sun ;
But words fail to tell its sweetness,
Only those who see it know
All the fairy grace and glamour
Of the softly falling snow.

But, alas ! it has reversion,
When the Storm King sweeps it on,
And the wild bewildering snow-wrack
Shrouds his dreadful work when done
Oh, what grandeur, as the Tempest
Bears it earthward on his wings,
Sweeping, flying, breaking, crushing,
As his deathful song he sings ;



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Strikes the forest, and its monarchs
  Fall before his fateful breath,
Everything of grace and beauty
  Cowers beneath the doom of death;

Sweeps across the mighty ocean,
  Grasps the war-ship in his path,
Wraps her in his icy mantle,
  Till she sinks beneath his wrath.
Never showing fear or favor,
  E'en old ocean hugs his chain,
As in frost he lays his pathway
  O'er the sullen ice-bound main;
Rears huge bergs from out the billows,
  Flaunts them in the face of day,
Flinging them, a fearful terror,
  In the dauntless sailors' way.

. . . . . .

Thus the Storm King, thus the Frost King,
  Beauty, brightness and delight;
Thus the Storm King, thus the Frost King,
  Death and darkness and affright.



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## TO VIOLA—WITH FLOWERS.

FLOWERS for our bonny bride,
  Perfumed and fair,
Though not amaranthine,
  Not rich and rare!

Not fair as her namesake,
  That sweet modest flower,
Revealed by its perfume
  When darkest clouds lower.

Yet they are love's offering,
  Our sweetest and best;
Would they had the power
  Of making her blest!

But we charge them with blessings,
  With wishes and prayers,
That her life may be lovely
  And fragrant as theirs.

That peace and contentment
  May hallow her home,
Till no wish of her heart
  Shall have power to roam!



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## WAYSIDE WELLS—PALESTINE.

How prized and loved those desert wells,
  Where palm-trees rose in air!
We cannot dream what wealth they held,
  For weary travellers there.

And they must still be dear to us;
  Did not our blessed Lord
Weary and worn sit there to rest,
  Himself Creation's "Word?"

From Abraham's days what bitter strife,
  What fierce contention ran,
When princely shepherds claimed them as
  Earth's greatest boon to man.

We see the flocks in noontide heat,
  Poor patient creatures, wait
Until the shepherds draw the slabs
  Aside with labor great.



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## *WAYSIDE WELLS—PALESTINE.*

We see Rebekah at the well
  In all her loveliness,
And Abraham's courteous steward's joy
  And wonderful *finesse.*

And Hagar, beautiful and bold,
  Laid down her mild-eyed boy
To die, until the heaven-shown well
  Awoke her soul to joy.

Amidst the desert's trackless sands,
  Lo, rising green and fair,
A little group of palm-trees woo
  The Arab sheikhs to prayer!

"Springs in the desert," far and wide
  The blessed influence goes,
And greening gladness fills the spot
  Where generous water flows.

O Father God, have we not had
  "Springs in the desert," too?
When all around seemed dry and dead
  Oases came in view.

Rest and refreshment; eventide
  Brought calm and joy and light,
And resurrection came with morn,
  After the death and night.



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## MOSES ON THE MOUNT—THE GREAT REQUEST.

LEVITE and Leader and Law-Giver, up!
Great man with the passionless brow;
Thou hast asked for a boon unheard of on earth,
And I AM thy request doth allow.
Forth from the camp ere the morning hath swept
Night's cloud-curtain's from Sinai's stern face;
No brother, no elder to go with thee now,
The world must remain at its base.
Up, ere the morning hath beamed on the mist
That's floating o'er Elim's dark wave,
The Power and the Presence shall go with thee still,
From darkness and danger to save.
Unfeared and unnoticed, the leopard and wolf
Spring past o'er the wild deep ravine,
And uncared for in wrath, on the Law-Giver's path,
The lion's red eye-balls are seen.



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## *MOSES ON THE MOUNT.*

Sinai's summit is gained ere the rock-flowers have given
To the morning the dews of the night;
And faintly the crimson streaks blend with the gray,
And herald the advent of light.
How meekly he stands by the cleft of the rock,
Where he knows the Shekinah will rest,
With force unabated, with dark eye undimmed,
And heavenly calm in his breast.
In communion with God he has wrestled and striven
When his people have errèd and strayed;
And though his meek soul was grieved so that he sinned,
Yet still he has pleaded and prayed;
Has prayed, with the holiest patriot love,
"If thou canst not forgive them, then blot
My name from Thy book, though already I know
That the Promised Land I enter not."

Moses, what hast thou asked for? The glory of God
To be seen by the frail human ken?
Knowest thou not that the mortal immortal must be
Ere such vision is witnessed by men?
Unprepared for the sight, thine eye would be dim,
And thine ear would be deaf to the sound,
And the glory would crush thee, till only in death
Thy request now preferred would be found.
But Jehovah hath heard and thee promised to hide
In the cleft of the rock that is there,
And to graciously make of His glory to pass
What He knows thou art able to bear.



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## *MOSES ON THE MOUNT.*

The cloud that hath lingered o'er Elim's dark gulf
Hath been raised by the might of His hand,
And condenses and veils all the cleft of the rock
Where His servant has stood at command.

How passes Jehovah? In might and in strength,
With the terrors of judgment and law,
Proclaiming His holiness, glory and power,
While Moses is shrinking in awe.
Oh, worthy of love in its loveliest form,
Self-proclaimed are His mercy and grace,
His long-suffering, abundance of goodness and truth,
His forgiveness and love for our race.
We bless Him, we bless Him for the glory withheld,
Which he knows us unable to bear;
And we praise Him for all that His goodness revealed
That hath made us a part of His care.
Oh, who, though the way might be rugged and rough,
Would not willingly climb up the Mount,
When assured that his God would give him at length
All His goodness and love to recount.

No wonder that Moses had power to plead,
That he lived on the foretaste of heaven,
That he lingered in love and was loth to depart,
When His Lord such a blessing had given.
No hungering for manna, no thirsting for drink
Of the water so grateful below,
No memories of earth, of its sorrow, or mirth,
O'er his spirit have power to flow.



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Forgotten all self, forgotten so far
That, though wist not, reflected there shone
Such a light from his face that the people in awe
Beheld there a glory unknown;
And he marvelled no more when they feared to behold,
Unveiled, what he caught through the cloud,
That Jehovah in tenderness, goodness and love
His glory and brightness should shroud.



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## CALL OUT THE RESERVES.

OUR army is nothing compared with our need,
Then what is the best thing to do?
Call out our reserves; they are mighty indeed,
Most distinguished the order of blue;
Flashing out like a star on the breast of the young,
On the arm of the tender and true,
Like an Iron Cross on the manly and strong,
Then hurrah for our Ribbon of Blue!

Not a moment too soon our reserves are called out,
For our foes are both wily and great;
Now in ambush they lie, now they charge with a shout,
They are bold and untiring as fate.
They are mining our ramparts with "Custom and Use;"
It was always "Women and Wine;"
We have sinned, we have suffered, stung by the abuse,
And its death-warrant solemnly sign.



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## *CALL OUT THE RESERVES.*

We have sorrowed and mourned o'er our noble and brave,
  We have wept o'er our loving and fair,
As we saw them go down to the drunkard's dread grave,
  The place with "No Hope" written there.
Can the tender be tortured nor shrink from the touch?
  Then we call on you, Mothers and Wives,
To remember relief must come solely from such
  As would rescue their loved with their lives.

Then why should we timidly shrink back in fear,
  When so much on our courage depends?
They are only the base and ignoble who sneer,
  And the good and the brave are our friends.
To the mighty command we respond, "We are here,
  The reserves, not to die, but to do!"
God prosper His cause, now with one ringing cheer
  Shout success to the Ribbon of Blue.



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## THE GENIUS OF ROBERT BURNS.

WHO dares to sing of him who sang
  Old "Caledonia's" praise so high?
O'er Aberfeldie's banks it rang,
  Whilst "Bonnie Doon" gave back reply,
And "Ayr's Twa Brigs" rang sweet and clear,
A lay that shall be ever dear.

Who dares to sing of him who made
  "Kirk Alloway" a classic spot,
To "Ballochmyle" a tribute paid,
  In language ne'er to be forgot?
And by his magic pen could screen
Wild braes and glens with evergreen.

Sing low, and let the sweet words be
  His song to his own "Highland Mary";
All gone his fun and social glee,
  His tripping measure, light and airy;



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And sorrow, love and feeling raise
Above the cold world's blame or praise.

Again where, spurning scenes of earth,
The poor 'reft herdie turns to Heaven,
And plaintive sings of bygone mirth—
Of pleasure from his hearth now driven,—
Recounts, as if the loved could hear,
And join in scenes that once were dear.

Hark! pealing loud and high there comes,
From clanging troops to battle led,
More stirring far than sounds of drums,
His "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled";
No lay most eloquent could tell
His genius and his fame so well.

Where Afric's lustrous moonbeams shine
Through shades of graceful waving palm,
Dear Moffat sings his "Auld Lang Syne,"
Refreshing as breeze-laden balm,
Oh, what save genius could have sung
A lay so dear to old and young!

Hail, genius, hail! we bless the power
Could paint the "Cottar's Sabbath Eve,"
Could mourn the "Crimson tippit flower,"
And o'er thy "cowering mousie" grieve;
Poor "Maillie's" death so sadly wail,
And tell so well the "Twa Dogs' tale."



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His was true genius, though by times
  It stooped to gild the meanest themes;
True genius humblest things sublimes,
  And revels in the wildest dreams.
He was all genius—e'en his fate—
Oh, sad! to Burns fame came too late.

Yet it has come, and thousands more
  Are met to-night at home—afar—
To place his name where stood of yore
  A patron saint, as Scotia's star—
Be Burns's genius and his fame
Henceforth a tutelary name!



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## THE ANSWER TO "THE LAND OF SIGHS,"

BY O. M.

You are asking the waves, and the sun responds;
'Tis not always the sad soul that sighs,
For the babe oft sighs in its sweet content,
Till its mother's soft sigh replies.

And strange to say, 'tis the young and glad
Know most of sighs and tears,
And the songs they sing are far more sad
Than the songs of their after years;

And the ministering waves that catch these sighs,
Die out on the other shore,
For the green glad earth is full of mirth,
And shall be for evermore.



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## *THE ANSWER TO "THE LAND OF SIGHS."*

And the sigh only softens the gladdening strain
  Of the glorious Psalm of Life,
And harmoniously blends with its sweet refrain,
  Which has neither sorrow nor strife.

And, O joy ! when this life is over and gone,
  And we reach Heaven's blest abode,
The land that has neither sea nor shore,
  The palace of angels and God.

The land where the ransomed with songs shall come,
  The redeemed to their home in the skies,
Where the loved reunite, and the Lamb is the light,
  Far away from the "Lost" Land of Sighs.



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## ON MAKING CAPE RACE.

Lo! on the first faint streak of day,
  Like morning star o'er billows borne,
To greet the good ship on her way
  And make the sea-scape less forlorn,

It flashes out, now faint and far,
  The welcome beacon on Cape Race,
And thousands bless that signal star
  That guides, and saves from death's embrace.

Like diamond on an index hand,
  It flashes brighter, brighter still,
Until it rises high and grand,
  A coronet on rock-bound hill.



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And flag greets flag, the good ship's name
  Like magic rushes o'er the wires
To loving friends, whose glad acclaim
  Attest their grateful hearts' desires.

And voyagers, weary now no more,
  Look radiant with the hope of home,
And greet the wild lone reach of shore
  That breaks the billows into foam.

Ah, me, how many a weary one
  Was dashed to death in days of yore,
Before that glorious beacon shone
  To guard them from the deathful shore.

God shield the ships, and bless the men
  Whose faithful watch makes sure the light,
Until they reach that haven where
  They need no lighthouse—there's no night.



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## A SONG ON A SEA-GULL.

How shall I sing of thee,
Sweet bird of liberty?
How shall I tell of thy beauty and grace?
Curving and circling far,
Now like a silver star,
Flinging thyself in the sun's shining face,
Then racing back to sea,
Dipping thy wings in glee,
In mid-Atlantic, where ships shake in fear;
Rocking in peaceful sleep
Where winds wild revels keep,
Seeming to know thy protector is near.

Now darting 'neath the wave,
Seeming such certain grave,
Rising exultant to soar higher still;
Speeding on graceful wing,
To which no sea-drops cling,
Skyward or seaward at thine own sweet will;
Rarely thy voice is heard,
No song is thine, fair bird,
But oft o'er the tempest comes forth thy wild wail;
God help the sailor then,
Save and deliver when
All human help seems to falter and fail.



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## AT SEA.

RICH sweeping swell unbroken by a shore,
With foaming crests upheaving evermore,
Beneath thy shadowy depths fair Science looks,
And learns thy lore to enrich her priceless books.
Thy myriad creatures, graceful as a bird,
That flash, and gleam, and glance unseen, unheard;
Thy mighty monsters, mythical and weird,
Like something conjured up but to be feared;
And then 'neath all thy gorgeous garden spread
With radiant flowers, and trees that raise their head
In trembling beauty on their atmosphere,
Where sunshine never marks their floral year—
And where we joy to think our dear drowned dead
Are swathed and garlanded from foot to head
With sea-flowers placed by love's almighty hand,
Springing from crannied rocks or silver sand,
With many a priceless pearl and glowing gem
From God's own gracious hand enriching them!



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Some that were never seen above the wave,
Some from lost argosies that naught could save.
Ah, me, that wealth to make a miser weep
Bestrews the untrodden pathways of the deep,
Lost to the earth. But God's almighty plan
Embraces many a world unknown to man,
Who, poor, presumptuous, can see no end
Save what his reason's power can comprehend,
And dares to judge the Maker of his mind,
And doubts the infinite he fails to find.
Increase, O Lord, our faith until we see
In all thy works a portraiture of Thee!
And learn in Nature's paths, trod or untrod,
To recognize our mighty Maker—God!



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## GEORGE DOUGLAS.

AND is our Douglas dead,
Whose matchless pen and tongue,
For God and country, truth and right,
The glowing words outflung?
Crowned king of eloquence,
Our hero of renown,
Who never feared the face of man,
Has death at last done down?

Fighting against fearful odds,
His glorious giant soul
Disdained a weakened body's power
To hold it in control;
Defied the power of pain
To trammel work for God;
In blindness and in weariness,
Earth's highest plane he trod.



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Oh, mourn him, Church of God,
Tender as he was true;
To save the erring and the lost
His zeal no respite knew.
In counsel wise and good,
In conflict firm and brave,
He gave in full his God-given power
To fight, to work, to save.

And Canada may mourn
A loyal heart grown still,
A sentinel who never slept
When wrong essayed her ill.
For social purity,
For truth in Church and State,
His trumpet voice rang out alarm
In words sublimely great;

Words that have echoes far
To "vext Bermoothe's Isle,"
To Newfoundland and Labrador,
O'er many a trackless mile.
Imperishable words—
Come, Canada, call forth
Some lasting monument to show
You worthy of his worth.

Not monumental brass,
Nor statue grand and fair,



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## *GEORGE DOUGLAS.*

In minster aisle or city mart,
  Should e'er his worth declare.
Not with the immortal dead,
  But living, working, still
In something helpful to his kind
  May we his wish fulfil.

Something devised with power
  To crush out some great wrong;
Some social blot, some crying crime,
  That has no name in song.
Some national defence
  Against a mighty sin,
And thus in death may he be said
  His life-work to begin.



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## "DID I DO MY BEST?"

ALL night, across the glorious lake of peerless Michigan,
A hurricane of fearful force, with awful pauses ran,
As if to gather up its force for deadlier, fiercer blast,
Commingling tempest-driven cloud with crested billows vast.
It came with fearful rushing haste, that tempest in its wrath,
Across the level prairies' waste, with nought to bar its path;
And many a sleepless mother prayed to God for those at sea,
In fair Chicago's noble homes, in dear old Milwaukee.
The students in famed Illinois turned from their classic lore,
Distracted with the living now in peril by the shore;
For with the earliest morning dawn the *Lady Elgin* lay,
A mile from land, a perfect wreck, boats, masts, all swept away,
With hundreds of immortal souls in tearless, wild dismay.
A floating palace, grand and strong, well fit to breast the wave,
The cyclone caught her, she became a mighty monster grave.



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Nor buoy, nor boat wherewith to float, masts, funnel, bulwarks gone,
Wave after wave swept o'er her decks, with sad and sullen moan,
And prayers and cries and tears were vain to any ear but One.

. . . . . .

Young Spencer, chief 'mid student band, at home upon the wave—
The stormiest sea he loved the best, exploring creek and cave—
With five young comrades swiftly sped, the nearest point to gain,
And plunging in the foaming wave, their valor not in vain;
For five long hours, with tireless love, when others wearied shrank,
Seventeen in all he bore to land and laid them on the bank,
A hero, with the mightiest men entitled to take rank.

. . . . . .

His kindly comrades bore him thence, with tenderest, loving care,
And while the wires his noble deed were flashing everywhere,
Above the exhaustion and the pain arose, when he should rest,
The thrilling, heart-wrung, anxious cry, "Oh, did I do my best?"
"Oh, did I do my very best?—I see above the wave
Wild hands stretched out imploringly from some I tried to save."



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## "*DID I DO MY BEST.*"

He hears alone the drowning moan; the voice of fame or praise
He seeks not, hears not, though the world its noblest pæans raise;
One object, saving human life, fills all his dying gaze.

. . . . . .

Ah, me! I marvel very much, when we lie down to die,
Will we, less worthy, echo, too, brave Spencer's dying cry.
A world engulfed in sin's sad wreck, oh, have we done our best?
Oh, answer, Conscience, ere we die, and bring it to the test.
Oh, did we do our very best?—too late when life is o'er
To mourn lost opportunity, that's past for evermore;
'Tis only faithful service done, 'tis rescuing dying men,
Gives joy, and gains Heaven's welcome home—the world forgotten then.



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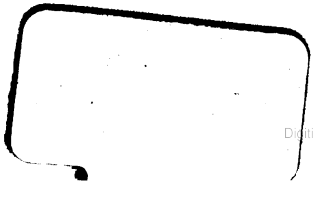

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